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OF NEW SOUTH WALES





HE USED to get all the attention, but now he comes second.

When first-born is no longer juvenile lead

The new baby brings him some very hard heart problems . . .

By ANNE CARLISLE

Next time you visit friends who have just had a second child you might remember to make a little fuss over the older child before going into transports over the baby.

Few people realise the difficulties that can confront the first-born who suddenly loses the position of juvenile lead in the family to become "noises off."

THE eldest-born has always been the centre of his or her little world, and if suddenly pushed into the background may develop a jealousy towards the newcomer that will take years to break down.

To an outsider the sight of a child of two or three years standing wistfully near the baby's cot while parents and friends coo over the latest arrival is pathetic.

The mother says comfortably in one breath, "Oh, Johnnie adores little Jane, he will spend hours sitting beside her."

In the next breath she is telling Johnnie not to make so much noise or he will wake the baby.

Is it any wonder that in Johnnie's small mind doubts begin to grow about the interloper?

Why can't he play happily in the nursery? He always used to be allowed to drag his toy engine round the room,

or hurl his blocks about. Now it's just "Hush! Hush!" all the time.

Also he doesn't get the attention he is used to from either parent.

Mother doesn't seem to want to talk to him the way she did before.

Even the ritual of his bath has lost some of the fun it used to be for them both. He is whisked in and out and there is no more time for playing with his toy boat.

Even Daddy, his former idol, proves to have feet of clay.

At night it is the baby who gets the first visit from Daddy when he comes home, and it is news of baby's progress that seems to take up all the time before the first-born has to go to sleep.



THE NEW BABY takes so much of Mother's time! No wonder first-born is a little jealous.

Johnnie at first has no animosity towards the person who has taken his place.

In fact, he rather likes the funny little thing that sleeps so much and only wakes to be fed and bathed.

It is like seeing a live doll, and it amuses him to watch the faces it can make at him . . . but . . . he would like to know why his own position has suddenly seemed to be so awfully unimportant!

Then, perhaps unconsciously, he begins to resent the newcomer. When Mother told him he had a baby sister to play with he liked the idea, and was quite willing to share his toys.

Now he isn't so sure . . . Isn't there something he can do to make his presence felt with his family and relations?

He tries quite hard by the ways that he has always used . . .

There is a game he has played so often with his mother, but now she is too busy to spare him the time.

Loses sympathy

EVEN her sympathy for his scraped knees or cut finger seems to have chilled a little.

He is told that he must be brave, and he must remember that he is growing a big boy.

He doesn't mind so much trying to keep the tears from getting the better of him, but he can't quite see why if the baby screams for any length of time his mother should be so worried.

There doesn't appear to be anything really wrong with it. Resentment starts to flourish.

He makes a move to interest Daddy in his toys, but Daddy is being told that "Baby actually smiled to-day," so is too anxious to see for himself, and the first-born is put aside with the words "Don't worry me now."

The sense of injustice becomes more deeply rooted.

He begins to have a definite feeling of jealousy, and childlike looks round for someone on whom to vent his misery.

The baby is too small just yet, but there are plenty of things he can do which will cause worry to his mother.

Not realising the cause of his unexpected misbehaviour she wonders why Johnnie "who used to be such a good little boy" is becoming so tiresome.

This problem has confronted many parents, and in America recently a leading child psychiatrist warned parents of the necessity for minimising jealousy in the first-born before the arrival of the second.

No favorite

PARENTS would indignantly refute any assertion of favoritism of their children, yet by carelessness they can help to encourage the growth of a most disrupting jealousy.

After all, the second baby is not as important as the first, even if the hoped-for first-born son turns out to be a daughter, and the second child is the boy.

It is said that an only child is a lonely child, but a neglected elder offspring can be a figure for pity, and no modern parents should imagine they have avoided this danger.

Though many parents have heard of it, there are few who have any conception of its potential intensity or the degree to which it can disorganise a child's personality.

The disagreements between members of families that begin in extreme youth can continue through childhood and cause a breach that is never filled. The child who feels himself neglected for another member of the family can become morose and introspective. He doesn't know that it is the old green-eyed monster which has caused him to feel unhappy.

To know that a baby is coming, to be allowed to share in its care and ownership is a help, but it's not enough.

The utmost care should be taken to keep a continual interest in the actions and questions of the elder child.

Displays of affection should be equally shared, and the elder child taught to realise that his own particular place can never be filled.

Keep the "left out" feeling away from an elder child, and the problem of raising a family will be easier to solve . . .

Let's talk of INTERESTING PEOPLE



MAJOR W. VERSTEEGH

... one-man air force.

RECENT visitor to Australia with the Dutch goodwill mission in R.N.I.L.M.'s nose-wheel DC5 airliner, Major W. Versteegh was once a one-man air force. In the last war he was commander and pilot of Holland's Air Force of three patrol planes.

Later the Netherlands Government gave him the task of building up the Air Force. He trained the first pilots, and as head of the Army Air Force School personally checked the training of every pupil.



MISS A. HOOD

... from America.

FROM America Miss A. Hood is visiting Australia to compile a text-book on Australian history for the Pennsylvania Department of Education for use in its school curriculum. Member of the teaching staff of the department, Miss Hood is a history graduate of Michigan University.

She is collecting material for her book from records at the Mitchell Library, Sydney University, and Canberra.



MR. W. J. JORDAN

N.Z. High Commissioner.

KEENLY interested in the welfare of New Zealand fighting forces in England is New Zealand High Commissioner in London, Mr. W. J. Jordan, who in the last war was a Dominion soldier himself.

Though most of his time is taken up with conferences at the Dominions Office he constantly visits centres where troops are stationed, and is president of the London N.Z. War Services Association.

"The dearest leading lady is here beside me," he said, "and just as long as she stays, the curtain will never fall."

Put yourself in this scene . . .

Perfect romance does not belong to fiction only, it can be the experience of every girl—if she but understands the art of fascination and how to appear well-groomed. But one thing all men admire is a soft, adorable complexion. In this, Erasmic Face Powder can add that smooth, pearl-like lustre. Delicate as a butterfly's wing, Erasmic clings closely and evenly—its haunting fragrance surrounding the wearer with a suggestion of unforgettable charm.

ERASMIC FACE POWDER

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STAND BY FOR ORDERS

THEY handed me a message when I got off the boat train: "Fraser, Paris. Stand by for orders. Wright." So I wasn't too surprised when the phone buzzed at my bedside the next morning, and I heard Miss Haley at the other end.

"Bon jour, Mademoiselle," I said, trying hard to pry my eyes open.

"Can you be at the Gare de l'Est at ten-thirty?" Not that she got it out that pat. When the boss' secretary tried to throw off a little French, she sounded like a cat stepping on eggs.

"Hah'n't you heard, Miss Haley? I'm on holiday until three weeks from Monday."

"I'd be there just the same, if I were you."

"What's the general idea?"

"I couldn't say on the phone, but Mr. Wright has just had an inspiration."

I got out of bed in earnest. When the boss has an inspiration, it's just as well to be on your feet in case you get a break for cover. It didn't help when I discovered I had gone to bed with one shoe on.

"All right, Miss Haley," I said, groping feebly for my dressing-gown. "What train?"

Illustrated
by
GREEN

Adventurous romance

By
W. DU BOIS

"The Simplon Express. We're taking you to Switzerland. Be prompt, will you?"

I kicked my top-hat off a chair, and sat down to think. After your first night in Paris, you don't think on your feet if you can avoid it.

Streaching down the Boulevard des Capucines twenty minutes later in a taxi, I was still thinking, to very little purpose. So I was going to Switzerland with Mr. Wright. Not that Switzerland didn't interest me, in its quiet way. I'd even planned to take a flying look at the League of Nations on my way back from the Riviera.

But I had not planned on sight-seeing with Mr. Wright. I'd hoped to keep at least two countries between us during my little breather. Yet here I was, hurrying to meet his train with a dark-brown taste in my mouth and fear in my heart.

When you've been out of college less than two years, you're lucky to be a cog in a first-class publishing house—even if your boss is a mixture of Machiavelli and Simon Legree, retaining the worst features of each. So lucky, in fact, you are doing no serious complaining when said boss issues an order.

But I almost wept as I saw the Cafe de la Paix whisk by, and remembered the two dates I had for cocktails this afternoon—if only I could unscramble those phone numbers on my dress shirt.

When the porters threw my bags on the train, Mr. Wright was in his compartment dictating. All I saw of him was a shock of white hair and one blazing blue eye around the corner of the door. Miss Haley had already handed me a typewritten sheet, with her famous shooting motion.

"Come back in twenty minutes, Mr. Fraser. He'll talk to you then."

The train was rolling when I settled down in my own compartment with this billet-doux. Of course, it was an Inter-Office Communication. Part of the boss'

efficiency programme, no matter where he finds himself. Even if the poor clock-watcher who's reading it happens to be on leave of absence.

But I didn't have much time to grouch. What I read snapped me out of everything—even my hang-over.

Mr. Dan Fraser,
Hotel Perey,
Cite du Retiro,
Paris, France.

Upon receipt of this, proceed at once to Stahlbergen, a village in the canton of Valais, Switzerland. Registering at the Schweizerhof, get in touch with Miss Althea Wright, attach yourself to her climbing party, and send confidential reports of all her activities to our Rome office.

George Wright, President,
per Edna Haley, Sec'y.

Miss Althea Wright—Mimi to you, if you follow the gossip columns! You'll know from a dozen rotogravures that she has a fighting jaw, a chassis that would put Diana to shame, and a knack for falling in love with the sort of men that turn fathers' hair grey. You've seen her in jodhpurs at Meadowbrook, on surfboards in Hawaii, in smoked glasses and hobnails on the slopes of Jungfrau.

That's when I reached for my Baedeker. Stahlbergen is a mountain-climber's heaven, all right. It's built in the shadow of the Unterhorn; and if Mr. Baedeker knows his Alps that's a mountain for anyone's money. In fact, it was unclimbed for years, until an avalanche made the south col practicable.

First man up was Baron von Schlager, who reached the top in 1926. In recent years, climbing was rendered much easier by the Swiss National Railways, when they built a funicular and half-way house near the head of the great glacier; but actual ascent is still rarely attempted, owing to the tenuous nature of the aretes, and the poor quality of snow beyond the ice-cap.

When I closed the guide-book, I knew exactly why the boss had sent for me. When you have a hundred young book-salesmen working for you—well, naturally, you can't keep track of every one. It was just my luck that there happened to be another Fraser in the office—Dan Fraser, who hailed from Seattle, and was famous for scaling Mount Whitney almost before he learned to walk.

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"Hang on! I'm going to haul you up here beside me," said Fraser grimly.

KITTY FOYLE

By
CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

**Brilliant
conclusion of our
famous serial**

I LIKE thinking back to my first winter in Chicago rooming with Molly and Pat.

We had some good times and some of the best evenings were when Molly and I would sit by the fire and get on with our knitting while Pat was most likely out dancing at the Ivanhoe, her favorite place. I liked the Ivanhoe too on account of the Sir Walter Scott decorations which made me think of the Lady of the Lake, but Molly and I were in a homekeeping spell. It was good to be able to talk to somebody about Wynn, but I wouldn't tell even Molly very far under the surface.

Other evenings the three of us had such fun together, going over the day's roughage, we wouldn't even mind we couldn't afford to go out often.

There was something so sweet about Pat. Nights when Molly and I were alone we'd clean up after her, straighten the bureau drawers and almost weep because there was something dear and childish in her odds and ends left every which way.

Molly's the opposite, orderly, likes to take time to think. Nicolai says he wouldn't be surprised if she's short on thyroid. How I envied that girl the way she would sleep. She always counted up the hours she'd had; no matter how good she felt if she figured she had less than eight hours' sleep she began to think she was pooped.

What was important, Molly and I got a day off to go down to Manitowish to see the class graduate at college. They were a solemn-looking crowd, it was a funeral compared to the high school show in '28. I was in a mixed mood, partly showing off because I was a Career Woman and a Skin You Love to Touch, partly I had an inferiority because I figured those kids had something I would never get. I wanted to hear the Baccalaureate which I thought would sum up the whole of the college education and I could make out where I'd been sold short.

I guess the kids in the class had been too stupefied by Commencement hoop-la to worry much, but Molly and I were fresh from a long restful ride on the train and our minds were wide open. The college hired some State Governor to make the spiel, likely he was full of Agrarian Unrest or else had an eye on the elections coming.

Anyhow, two swell things happened; Fedor Vassily graduated head of the class, and Dean Bascom looked very smart the way I'd taught her to do make-up. Some of the men profs looked so frightened in their colored gowns I'd like to give them a touch of rouge too. What is it makes a man with brains so milquetoast when he gets away from the blackboard?

What I would need in a graduation speech, where does it check with life the way I know I'm going to need to live it.

I always wonder in a speech what was he thinking about that he doesn't say. I guess it's a bad habit.

Uncle and Auntie had some of the old gang up to Thanks-giving Avenue for a porch supper. It was too bad not to see polite old Pattysbells, he always thumped his tail when people laughed. Uncle was in fine spirits because he had the lawn shaved down to the quick and all the hang nails pared off it.

Even when somebody, most likely Trudy Weisenkorn, spilled mayonnaise on his ice-cream suit, he didn't get to burping. Lena's fried chicken never tasted so good, and we had the old gag about giving Fedor an extra leg because he was one shy. Even Bernie Janssen was there. I had to laugh how I used to imagine he was my Swedish Cavalier. He'd given up his idea of being General in command of the army and was working in the State Dairy School. Good old Bernie, I bet by this time he's accumulated an awful lot of things he hasn't thought of. Socially there'll always be Top of the Bottle, and poor Bernie won't be among those present.



Kitty was aware that the man in the next chair was watching her with apparent amusement.

The one who will be is Fedor. I don't make cracks at college education when I see what it did for him. It was grand to find one of the kids you could really talk to. He told me he'd made a switch in his studies, been doing premedical and was going to study doctoring in Chicago. Account of his aluminum leg he wouldn't be so good for regular practice but he had a chance to research in infant paralysis.

When he came up to town later he took me down to see the paralysis clinic, and that's how I started going there Sundays to help with the children.

Even before I started work with the crippled children there was always plenty on hand. Summer's grand time to scare women to death about their complexions, and the middle west climate is a godsend for the cosmetic business. It was really wonderful the way Delphine and Pearl Velour would plant semi-confidential publicity dope on the

I guess I'm not the natural female, because when I see a shop window I don't think what can I buy out of it, but what can I put into it for someone else to buy.

When liquor came back they put a revolving bar in the Pompeian Rooms down at the old Congress, like a little merry-go-round. I always loved that place, partly because that perfume in the lobby had memories for me. Molly and I would go there sometimes and ride round and round slowly, just one drink taken in a circle gives you as much kick as three sitting solid in a corner. Maybe that's why they took the bar out later. It seems everything was like that those years, all of us riding round on a carousel and the government grabbing for brass rings and blue eagles. Molly says we didn't know what was going on, we wouldn't know what to think about if we did.

I wouldn't be surprised if that's one way to keep happy. There were summer nights at Ravinia to hear music, and once in a while we'd take in a lecture at North Western.

Then there was the time Fedor came up to see us. I could hear his artificial leg bumping on the stairs, and we'd drink beer and I'd wish Molly would fall for him. He got me interested in the hospital work and that cured my feeling cynical. Then Delphine sent me on the road, to check up our demonstrations all the way out to the Coast and back. That was Pearl Velour's work, but Pearl was going to be married.

I hadn't had a real holiday for about two years when Delphine made me take the trip to Bermuda. I didn't really know where the place was except that we named a skin lotion after it and the Main Line used to go there for Easter. This was August, however, so everything was pretty folksy. Bermuda had just been discovered as the stenographer's vacation.

Delphine herself bought me my

Illustrated by
JOHN SANTRY

ticket and saw me off, when she looked the crowd over she said, "Keety, what you better drink this trip is Bronx cocktail." Delphine's always a bit snobbish, but if a woman isn't a snob of some kind she's probably short on a gland. Anyway, she had me fixed up in a deck cabin and private bath and a chaise-longue reserved for me. I was feeling rotten, one of those heavy summer colds, and it was hot, humid weather.

It wasn't Bronx cocktail; it was Planters Punch. That was new to me then like lots of other things. I didn't even know Bermuda was British, I supposed in a sort of way it was part of Florida. As a matter of fact if you scummed off the tourists it acted a good deal like the cricket club wing of Philadelphia.

I recognised the tourist bunch because I'd seen them stripped for action in the Catskills. The girls wore shorts and by the time they hit Hamilton they were as burned as grilled chickenskin. Not even our Caribbean Cream could take care of exposure like that. It was a shock to them when they landed; they found they had to get the shorts down to the knee or else really wear something. They consoled themselves buying sun helmets.

Delphine knows all the ropes aboard shipping. She must have given the deck steward some big sweetening because while I was flopped out in my chair he came round to know what he could do for me.

"I can hear all the lunch bells ringing," I said, "I guess I ought to go down and eat." The steward explained those weren't lunch gongs, just the bellboys. I didn't know what they would be doing out in the

water, unless warning people away from Staten Island, but I was too limp to argue. He said I could take my lunch right there in the chair. I said I would be more conscientious for my first sea voyage. I'd better go downstairs and eat a square meal, "feed a cold and starve a fever."

Then the man in the next chair pipes up. I'd been aware that he was watching me as if he was amused. "You misunderstand that," he says. "It means if you feed a cold you'll have to starve a fever later. Subsequently, With a cold like you've got I'm prescribing Planters Punch, maybe some jelly consommé and toast Melba."

The last thing I felt like was starting conversations, but the steward thinks that's a good idea and brings it to me on a tray. And Dr. Marcus Eisen, that being who it was in person, didn't make any attempt to carry through. He went off downstairs and got his own lunch, and when he came up again I was asleep. By evening I felt better and even got into the diner. I found him at the same table with me. I just supposed maybe the seating was arranged according as the chairs were on deck. Well, of course, when my wits got sorted out I realised he had fixed it with the maître d'hôtel.

It was fun to be talking to a man again, just socially. It's like a good highball after a long spell of soda fountain. He was smart enough to see I wasn't in a mood for any forward passes to be thrown at me. I figured I must be a pretty sour old spinster to accept the situation like that, but Gulf Stream air just makes you let things slide.

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Her vital decision

beauty editors about what sun and wind and dust and soot was doing to the noble womanhood of Illinois, and they'd rush it into print just to torture themselves. The store backed it up strong with advertising until our customers would come in almost apologising for still being in town at all.

That was the year I got the idea for the swish beauty kit shaped like a little hatbox, the kind the dress models always carry. I used to see them trotting into the photograph studio at Tuscan Court carrying their dunnage in hatboxes. If the box was marked Lily Dache or some other swank name they took good care you'd see it. If it was only a Chicago hatbox they pasted a New York label on to it. Molly, who was so smart with her fingers, worked up a sample box for me and Delphine was nuts about it. They were all over Park Avenue next season.

Secret Service Story

Without Pardon

By ARTHUR MILLS

AS she walked along the train looking for the Pyehampton coach, Zilla noticed a man standing by a trolley laden with luggage. He was about thirty-five, hatless, and wearing a blue flannel suit. She knew he was watching her out of the corner of his eye as she passed, but as she was a strikingly pretty girl, constantly photographed for advertisements, this did not surprise her.

What gripped her attention was the name she saw on a label on his baggage. The letters were in bold printed handwriting:

MAJOR P. H. FERNEY, R.E.,
PYEHAMPTON MANOR,
PYEHAMPTON.

She continued a little way down the platform, then walked back again and took another look at the owner of the baggage.

He was clean shaven, rather brown, nice looking. His face had a slightly set look, as if he had recently been through a period of anxiety. The thing that fascinated Zilla was that she realised the man standing in front of her had been the subject of more talk and speculation in Pyehampton than anyone had caused for the last twenty years.

About twelve months previously it had become known in the district that Pyehampton Manor had been bought by an agent on behalf of a Major Ferney. The house dated back to days when Pyehampton consisted of a little old grey stone church, a few cottages, and the manor.

It was a house of beauty and charm with an ancient lawn and cedar trees, surrounded by a magnificent yew hedge. An underground passage was said to lead to the foot of the cliff, but did not in fact exist. All that there was of this nature was a primitive and now defunct drain.

For several generations the house had been owned by a Hampshire family that had become first impoverished and then extinct. A Bournemouth caterer was the next owner. Then, without warning, the house had been sold again. Everyone in Pyehampton had gone round saying they hoped someone nice was coming to live in the old place.

While speculation about the new owner continued, builders had arrived, and a work of vandalism that had shocked every resident in Pyehampton began.

The first thing the builders did was cut down the yew hedge and

start to build a granite wall. At first people had supposed the wall would be four to five feet high, such as may be found round many houses by the sea. They were disillusioned; the wall rose steadily—six feet, eight feet, ten feet, twelve feet. It became just like a wall round a prison.

To complete the job, bits of broken glass were inserted in cement along the top. The house was still not burglar-proof, for with the aid of a ladder and a sack stuffed with straw the wall could easily be scaled; such an attempt could not be made without being seen from the windows by day, and by night are lamps were specially installed at the corners.

Massive double oak doors, wide enough to permit a car to pass, had been let into the wall. In short, the old house had been altered in a most fantastic manner and it was rumored in Pyehampton that a madman was coming to live in it.

Wondering if the pleasant-faced young man in the blue suit was mad, Zilla examined his baggage. He had a tennis racket, golf clubs, two suitcases and a trunk. She decided to find out all she could about him on the journey; there was only one Pyehampton coach on the train, so they were likely to travel in the same carriage.

A few moments later a porter came along, picked up the tennis racket and golf clubs, and put them on the rack of the compartment in front of which she was standing, and in which she had already put her own suitcase. She climbed in, sat down in a corner, and opened a paper. The new owner of Pyehampton Manor took his place just before the train started. No one else got into the carriage; she had him to herself for two hours.

As the train drew out of London, Zilla peeped round the corner of her paper; her companion was looking back with his legs stretched out; a paper lay unopened across his knees; he carried a pipe, which he had let go out, in his hand, and showed every sign of preparing to go to sleep.

She allowed him to doze, watching him and wondering. Why had he built that ridiculous wall? He was certainly not mad; he had too nice a face to be a criminal; a recluse would not travel with golf clubs and a tennis racket. What was his job? The well-shaped forehead indicated mental power; the tanned skin an outdoor life; she had seen that his eyes were grey; he had the mouth of a man with a sense of humor.

He must have money; for the old manor house had been up for sale at four thousand pounds. Did he intend to live there? Or only come down occasionally? Did he know what a dull place Pyehampton was? Did he realise the residents were prejudiced against him before he arrived?

She had put down her paper and was studying him when he opened his eyes and looked straight across at her. She knew he had caught her looking at him.

He yawned gently and sat up. "How long will it take us to get to Pyehampton?" he asked, speaking in the easy manner of a person beginning a conversation which he is sure will be welcomed.

"About another hour and a half," Zilla said.

The young man knocked out his pipe. "My family used to own a house at Pyehampton; they sold it and I've just bought it back. Perhaps you know the place—Pyehampton Manor?"

"I thought some people called Gantle used to live there," Zilla said, remembering the name on the label.

"That is right; my mother was a Miss Gantle."

"It has been altered since your family's time," Zilla said.

Ferney looked out the window; little lines showed between his eyes. "The wall you mean? Does it look very odd?"

"It does, rather; people have not much to talk about in Pyehampton, and everyone is wondering why you have built it."

Ferney turned and looked at her; he was smiling. "Have a cigarette?" He offered his case.

His manner made it clear that the subject of the wall was closed. The grotesque structure was a scar on the seafront which the residents of Pyehampton were justified in resenting; as a resident herself, Zilla did not see why he should be allowed to sit there offering nothing in the way of explanation.

"We are not very pleased about your wall," she said.

"Who are 'we' and what is it you don't like?" He spoke good-humoredly.

"It spoils the look of the place."

"That is what my mother used to say every time someone put up a new house on the seafront. I believe Pyehampton was rather a pretty place when she was a child, though

the development has been a very good thing for me; the land was not worth anything till people started to build. Do you live there?"

"I go down to my people at weekends; I am at Russells."

"Where is that?"

"It is an advertising agency in Regent Street."

"Do you write out advertisements?"

"No. I sit for them."

"Sit for them?"

Zilla laughed. "I'm a model; sometimes they draw me, sometimes they photograph me. Then they use the picture for cigarettes, or soap; you know the sort of thing."

"You are an artist's model?"

"That is how I started."

"Do you like the job?"

"Yes. I couldn't stay at Pyehampton all the year round."

"I suppose not."

He looked out the window. "I never noticed when they took off the Pyehampton part of the train. That shows the journey has gone quickly. Here we are." He stood up, took Zilla's suitcase from the rack, then fetched down his own things. "Anybody meeting you?"

"Dad will be there with the car, I expect."

"Otherwise I can give you a lift. I sent my chauffeur down with the car yesterday."

"There is dad," Zilla said. A tall, strongly-built man with bright eyes, like her own, was standing on the platform.

"There is my fellow behind him," Ferney said.

Zilla saw a man in grey uniform near her father. Ferney's chauffeur was rather odd-looking. Two little black button eyes were set above high cheekbones; a small nose was splayed like a piece of putty into a flattened face. The man was either a Jap or Chinese; she could not tell which.

As the train stopped Ferney beckoned to this man and handed out Zilla's suitcase. "Take this to the lady's car first, Ling, then come back for my things."

While the man took the suitcase Zilla made introductions. "Dad, this is Major Ferney, who owns Pyehampton Manor."

The old merchant service captain shot a sailor's glance over Ferney as he held out his hand. "You came out to Hongkong just before I left," he said.

"I went out three years ago," Ferney said.

Captain Maule nodded. "I did not place the name at first, but seeing your Chinese chauffeur has brought it back to me."

"Ling is a wonderful fellow," Ferney said. "Ling," he called to the chauffeur, who had come back on the platform. "These things here are mine," he pointed to the kit on the ground; "and there is a trunk in the van." Ferney turned to Zilla. "Shall I see you bathing later?"

"I'm going down after tea," Zilla answered. She put her arm through her father's. "Come on, dad."

Outside the station she saw a white car, with a racing bonnet, standing next to the family vehicle.

"That's your friend's car," Captain Maule said; "nice one, if you don't mind the price. I daresay he doesn't. I heard to-day what it cost to build that wall. Guess how much?"

"Five hundred pounds?"

"Three thousand; every block of it is granite."

Zilla was astounded. "Would it have been cheaper if they had used bricks?"

"Much, but not so solid; you can bore a hole through bricks. Did he talk about the wall?"

"I asked him why he built it."

"What did he say?"

"He said it was people like us who had spoiled Pyehampton, by putting up houses everywhere; he said it politely, but that was what he meant. Dad, did you say you knew him in China?"

"I remember his coming out; he was rather an unusual type; spoke Chinese, both Mandarin and the Canton dialect; very few British Army officers can do that."

Please turn to page 42



The Chinese crouched in the moonlight like a trapped animal, listening.



WONDERFUL IN THEORY

Drama of life in India
By JOHN KENT

WHEN Dale Hampton came to India she felt an immediate urge to reform that country the moment she landed.

That she failed is hardly to be wondered at. She failed in good company: Clive, John Nicholson, Lord Roberts, and Mr. Gandhi had each failed before her. Yet each had contributed something in the course of his efforts at reformation, and it stands to Dale's credit that her contribution was the making of a man from the raw material which was Larry Garnett, of the Indian Police.

If this success was entirely incidental and unpremeditated, this in no way detracts from her achievement.

Dale had married Major Tim Hampton when that officer was visiting friends in New York. He was a squadron commander in the 50th Deccan Lancers and that gave him a certain glamor.

Now if you transplant a girl from New York City to the up-country station of Chandar Serrai, it's reasonable to expect trouble; even such a girl as Dale, who possessed courage and the saving grace of humor. For not the least of India's many problems is its minor discomforts. There are so many of them, and they all appear at once to greet you on arrival.

The inevitable effect of this is that your views are thrown out of focus; the objects in the foreground bulk so large that they obscure your view of the background, and from blaming the country for its discomforts you begin to turn your dissatisfaction to the Government of India.

This doesn't really matter, for most governments are convenient safety valves for the dissatisfied in any case, and everything usually works out eventually according to plan. After a year or two you are absorbed into the machinery and resentment, turns to sympathy, and finally to co-operation.

In Dale's case, unfortunately, this process was complicated by several factors. The transition had been too abrupt. She had read all she

could about India before she arrived there and had already formed very decided views. And she met Larry Garnett just when she was experiencing that critical period of indecision which comes when facts begin to throw a new light on the written word. In addition, the minor discomforts of India were fresh upon her when she met him.

For Dale, on her arrival, had had a good look at her new home, and expressed the conviction that India wasn't so hot. This, although climatically inaccurate (the thermometer in the shade of the verandah registered one hundred and twenty-eight degrees Fahrenheit), was a perfectly normal opinion for a fresh arrival in the remotest parts of India. The guide books of that country usually omit all reference to dust, sandfly and malarial fever, so you don't find Chandar Serrai and similar stations mentioned in any of them.

Tim Hampton, who'd spent fifteen years in the East, saw nothing unusual about the place. He was rather surprised at Dale's bewilderment. He didn't stop to compare his own feelings on first seeing the New York skyline with Dale's even deeper emotion on first seeing Chandar Serrai. He said cheerfully: "We shan't be here long, darling. This is only a three-year station. After that we'll be moved to Meerut or Rawal Pindi."

Dale, doing her best, said that sounded swell. She was still murmuring "Only three years" when she went off to inspect the grey-and-white plaster bungalow which would be her home for that brief period.

She inquired tentatively about air-conditioning and refrigeration, but was told that neither had reached Chandar Serrai yet. However, Tim pointed proudly to the heavy beam which flapped a tattered strip of matting across the dinner table and provided puffs of tepid air, and explained it was a punkah.

"How does that fool thing work?" Dale asked, trying to take an interest. And Tim led her to a window from which she could see the punkah cooing lying on his back in the dust of the compound, languidly waving one leg in the air while his hands explored diligently for the more intimate parasitical visitants. A leather thong attached to his toe

Illustrated
by
MILLS

"Have you seen Tim? Is he all right?" Dale asked anxiously.

passed through a hole in the wall, and thence to the punkah beam, thus providing the alleged breeze in the dining-room.

Dale just said: "Oh," and felt sure she wasn't going to like this country at all. And it was about then that she began subconsciously to blame Tim for its many discomforts. But this, of course, was only the beginning.

She had a sudden yearning to unpack. There would be something

vaguely comforting in getting her dresses and belongings out of the tin uniform cases and wooden crates piled in the bedroom. Maybe she'd feel less homesick if she handled them.

She almost fondled the many bottles and toilet preparations she took from the first box she opened. The scent of gardenia swept the acrid taste of dust from her mouth and the sickly smell of decaying vegetation from her nostrils. Regretfully she decided to put them

away in the wall closet in the bathroom. But she discovered there wasn't any wall closet; in fact, you could almost say there wasn't any bathroom—not as Dale knew bathrooms, anyway.

She assumed the zinc tub in the middle of the mud-walled cupboard off her bedroom meant something. There was an earthenware water container beside it and a small wooden grating on the floor. That, apart from a hole in the wall to let the water run out when you tipped it out of the tub, comprised the furniture of the bathroom.

Then she discovered a wooden shelf along one wall and she started to arrange her bottles and jars along that. Her ayah, the smiling native girl Tim had engaged as her personal maid, watched her with interest.

She heard Tim in the bedroom and called out: "I thought the British went in for understatement? I suppose you wouldn't include 'The Glamour of the East' in that category?" A light wind got up and rattled the dusty leaves of the neem tree in the compound. It brought with it a sample of the odors of the bazaar, a blending of rancid butter, musk, curry powder, goats, and other less pleasing ingredients. Dale added: "But Kipling's 'Spicy, garlic smells' was understatement, all right."

Tim said: "By the way, you want to be careful in that bathroom, dear. I mean, have a good look round before you get in the bath."

Dale asked curiously: "Why?" She thought she'd seen all she wanted to see.

"Cobra," said Tim. "They come in through that hole and coil round the water chatti when they want to cool themselves."

Dale came out of the bathroom. "Cobra?" she said. "Those snakes with hoods? That'll be fun. I don't think I'll bathe. It'd be kind of mean to disturb them while they're getting nice and cool." Then Dale noticed the puzzled look in Tim's eyes and she laughed. "Cheer up, honey. I can take it. Tell me the worst; these cobra don't get into the beds to warm themselves, do they?"

Tim was vastly relieved to see her smile. "Well," he comforted, "they do, but they're more or less safe then. You see, the weight of the bedclothes prevents them from rearing up to strike. They can't drive their fangs in unless they get a third of their bodies off the ground, so they can't inject their venom. And while we're talking about snakes, it's a good tip to knock your shoes on the ground before putting them on."

"Do cobras get into shoes?"

"Oh, no; but the kraits do. They're much smaller but rather more deadly than cobra. But they only do it to hide themselves. The average snake is always more terrified of you than you are of it."

Please turn to page 8

HAVE BIG FAMILIES . . . and be happy



TUBB FAMILY GROUP, with two sons absent. From left are Terry, 12, Michael, 14, Dan, 15, Claire, 10, Mary, 16 (holding Kathleen, 5), Mr. Tubb (holding Peter, 17 months), Barry, 17 months, Mrs. Tubb (holding Laurence, 17 months), Joseph, 4, Pat, 18, and on the horse Brian, 8, and Owen, 7. James, 9, holds Therese, 2, on right-hand shaft. John, 22, and Alfred, 17, work 60 miles away.

Cheery philosophy of outback mother of 17 children

By ESME FENSTON, who went to Barellan to visit Mrs. Tubb.

One of the largest families in Australia to file a claim under the new Federal Endowment Scheme is the Tubb family, of Barellan, N.S.W. Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Tubb have 17 children, 13 of whom are under 16 years old.

Mrs. Tubb was not too busy last week to welcome The Australian Women's Weekly and to write this message for our readers: "Have big families and be as happy as we are." Our visit to her home in the outback proved that though money is scarce in the Tubb household there is an abundance of happiness and love.

THE Tubbs live on a 29-acre block a mile from the township of Barellan, in the red soil of the south-west of their State, where drought has tried the courage of settlers for several years.

But the Tubbs aren't easily daunted. They have a small dam on their property, a couple of cows, enough fowls and a few pigs. Mr. Tubb works for other settlers. Some of the family have jobs.

Better times are coming. Fifteen of Mrs. Tubb's seventeen little Australians made a grand welcoming committee for us.

Kathleen, who is only five, was staggering under the weight of one of the plump 17-months-old triplets, the babies of the family.

Mary, who's sixteen, was carrying another, and Mrs. Tubb was smiling over the golden head of the third. In fact, everyone was smiling—the Tubbs are like that.

The Tubb home radiates happiness and helpfulness.

It's a little community on its own, with everyone pulling his weight.

"Even little Kathleen helps me," said Mrs. Tubb proudly. "Although she's only five, she can bath the babies and take them for a walk. Mary and Patsy take it week and week about to get breakfast and cut the school lunches—that's seven solid packets!"

"I never go out and I don't often see people, but I'm just as happy as any woman could be. I liked dancing and pictures before I was married, but my family makes up for a lot."

"You know, children are wonderful company," she said earnestly, and there was something in her face, a look in her eyes that showed Mrs. Tubb had enough love in her heart for even so large a family as hers. She has courage to match.

"There've been bad times, but I've managed" . . . that's how Mrs. Tubb describes coping with super-

human tasks, like having nine measles patients on her hands together.

"WE managed," she corrected herself gently.

"When I compare small families with mine, I know mine are happier. They never want to go away to play. They've got a whole team here."

"People sometimes say we'd be able to give our children more if there were fewer of them. But I know if I'd only John and Patsy, they wouldn't be as happy as they are now, for all the extra suits and frocks they'd have. Neither would their dad and I."

Mr. Tubb joined in.

"Yes, they'll have to battle along the same as I have," he said, "but they'll be right, I'm sure of that."

The youngsters have no complaints.

"Two or three children wouldn't do for me," said Patricia. "I'd like a family of about eight, or perhaps nine. But I think I'll have to leave Barellan to find a husband. All the boys have gone to the war or to the city."

Young Michael didn't find the extra comforts of the local hospital as good as his crowded home.

"You see, the gang's all here," he explained.

Have big families and be as happy as we are
Winifred Tubb

MRS. TUBB'S MESSAGE

Tubb family roll call

MRS. A. P. TUBB has had 18 children in a little over 20 years, and has lost only one.

This is the list:

Eldest: John, 22, away, working on a station at Morundah.

Second: Margaret, who died at the age of 9, from rheumatic fever.

Third: Patricia, 19, next August, who is the efficient switch girl at Barellan Post Office.

Fourth: Alfred, 17, also away at Morundah, working.

Fifth: Mary, 16, who has taken a domestic job.

Sixth: Daniel, 15, who is soon to be the night attendant at Barellan P.O. switchboard.

Seventh: Michael, 14, just home from 10 days in hospital from a leg injury. He fell off a horse.

Eighth: Terry, 12, who hastily remarked he'd be 13 next month.

Ninth: Claire, 10, who helps Mum a lot.

Tenth: James, 9.

Eleventh: Brian, 8.

Twelfth: Owen, 7.

Thirteenth: Kathleen, 5.

Fourteenth: Joseph, 4.

Fifteenth: Therese, 2, nearly three.

Sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth: Triplets, Barry, Peter, and Laurence, 17 months.

Mrs. Tubb's greatest problem is keeping her family clothed.

"I make clothes for the babies and the little ones, and in summer it's not so difficult. Winter coming is a worry, and so I'm greatly relieved that the new Federal endowment scheme will bring extra into the home now."

Mealtime at the Tubbs' is taken in relays.

Washing-up is a family affair of strictly regulated "turns."

As she talked of her family Mrs. Tubb was nursing Laurence, the smallest of the triplets.

"He's coming on wonderfully," she said. "He was only 2½ lb. at birth."

"The clinic has been wonderful for the triplets. I take them in every fortnight, and although I've reared so many children the clinic has shown me lots I didn't know."

Childless couples are beyond Mrs. Tubb's comprehension.

"I suppose it is selfishness and laziness," she mused.

"But mind you," she added quickly, "when the babies come these women make just as good mothers as any of us. A baby brings his own joy. Babies are good for women."

Mrs. Tubb is like that. She just can't think badly of people.

Other pictures on page 11.



MR. AND MRS. A. P. TUBB, of Barellan, filling in their claim for Federal Child Endowment. They have 13 children under 16.



Ronald! did you hurt yourself?

"Only a black eye, Gwendolyn"

Tut! Tut! And another tut, Ronald. Remember this . . . when you can see, you're safe. Buy yourself an Eveready flash-light, old boy. After that you can go to the tool-shed after dark, look for slugs under the cabbages, or see your way to the bathroom without switching on the electric light and waking the whole

family. But don't shop for bargain torches. Insist on an Eveready flash-light. It always works. Complete with Eveready batteries, 5/9d. The batteries are as important as the flash-light. If you already have a flash-light insist on longer-lasting Eveready batteries when you buy refills.

TR-41



TELL IT TO THE MARINES!

HOW CAN A FOOD RELIEVE CONSTIPATION?

Not any food Mister . . . But food containing the right amount of "bulk" will relieve your condition SAFELY within a week.



75% of all intestinal troubles in people over 45 years of age is caused by the constant taking of harsh purgatives.



Nasty. But that's not the worst of it—harsh purgatives are dangerous. Ordinary constipation is the result of insufficient "bulk" in your diet. The peristaltic action of the intestinal muscles slows down because of this lack of "bulk". You take drastic action—cathartics. Apparently get results—but the action is different. Constant use can do almost irreparable damage to the system by the time middle age is reached.



Uncooked vegetables! Uncooked fruit! Kellogg's All Bran! All these are rich in that vital "bulk" which Nature depends upon for the smooth functioning of your system. Cooking destroys most of the "bulk" in fruit and vegetables but—in All Bran—Kellogg's give you a nut-sweet breakfast cereal that provides all the "bulk" you need.



Start your breakfast with two table-spoonfuls of Kellogg's All Bran—it's nut-sweet. And you eat it like any other breakfast cereal with milk and sugar. Do that—drink plenty of fluids, too—and you'll be regular within a week.

WHEN ALL THE NUTRIMENT of the food has been absorbed into the system, the residue of unabsorbed food passes into the large intestine to be expelled by muscular action. If this residue is not bulky enough the muscles have nothing to "take hold of"—constipation results.



STOMACH—where food is prepared for further digestion.
SMALL INTESTINE—where nutritive elements are absorbed into the bloodstream through the bowel wall.
LARGE INTESTINE—into which the residue of unabsorbed food passes.

ONE WEEK LATER
BOY OH BOY!

KELLOGG'S ALL BRAN HAS TAKEN ONLY 7 DAYS TO DO ALL WHAT HARSH CATHARTICS COULDN'T DO FOR YEARS—GET ME NATURALLY REGULAR!



ORDER A PACKET OF KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN FROM YOUR GROCER TO-MORROW

Asthma, Bronchitis Coughing, Choking Curbed in 3 Minutes

Do you have attacks of Asthma or Bronchitis so bad that you choke and gasp for breath and can't sleep? Do you cough so hard you feel like you were being ruptured? Do you feel weak, unable to work, and have to be careful not to take cold and can't eat certain foods?

No matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried, there is now hope for you in a doctor's prescription called Mendaco. No dopes, no smokes, no injections, no atomizer. All you do is take two tablets at meals and your attacks seem to vanish like magic. In 3 minutes Mendaco starts working through your blood, aiding nature to dissolve and remove strangling phlegm, promote free easy breathing and bring sound sleep the first night so that you soon feel years younger and stronger.

choking and strangling every night, couldn't sleep, expected to die. Mendaco stopped Asthma spasms first night and he has had none since in over two years.

Money Back Guarantee

The very first dose of Mendaco goes right to work circulating through your blood and helping nature rid you of the effects of Asthma. Try Mendaco under an iron-clad money back guarantee. You be the judge. If you don't feel entirely well, like a new person, and fully satisfied after taking Mendaco just return the empty package and the full purchase price will be refunded. Get Mendaco from your Chemist today and see how well you sleep tonight and how much better you will feel tomorrow. The guarantee protects you.

CONQUERS ASTHMA
Mendaco

Now in 3 sizes . . . 3/2, 6/3, 12/6

Wonderful in Theory

Continued from page 6

"I CAN'T believe that," said Dale. "Besides, the snake I met might be above the average. Still, I'll remember about kraits. Thanks a lot. And now I think we might give ourselves a drink unless some of those snakes have got into the alcohol to pickle themselves." They left the ayah to finish unpacking and went out together to the verandah.

But things didn't get really serious until the affair of the well. Larry Garnett came over to call the morning that rode to a head, and he was quick to realise that if he'd deliberately timed that call he couldn't have chosen a better moment.

If his first thought on seeing Dale was: "Whoops, another of 'em," it only proves that Larry was incapable of taking anything seriously. For Dale was the last sort of person to inspire that kind of thought, and particularly so in Chandrar Serral, where even ordinary girls were at a premium.

Tim seemed embarrassed when he presented Larry to Dale, so it wasn't difficult for Larry, with more superficial knowledge of women than Tim was ever likely to acquire, to guess he had interrupted a family row.

"You been on duty at that perishing well?" he asked, noticing the automatic pistol strapped to Tim's Sam Browne belt.

Tim scowled at him and Larry knew he'd accidentally hit on the cause of the quarrel. "Have much trouble?" he asked casually. And Tim said they'd had a bit and tried to change the subject.

"Can't think why they have to mount an armed guard there," Larry said. He saw Dale's eyes brighten and added: "I noticed

better than an encouraging weakness. Can't you see, dear, that we're trying to save life? First by stopping them from drinking that water, and second by showing the guns and stopping them from attacking us and driving us to employ force against them? Good Lord, Garnett, I should have thought—"

"I'm a great believer in arbitration," Garnett proclaimed smugly. "After all," Dale said, "my small domestic problems are a kind of reflection of the greater affairs of this country. Take this morning; I went into the kitchen—"

"That was unwise," Tim smiled, glad to talk of something else. "The wise housewife never does that. It's asking for trouble."

"There you are. At once you state the Government policy of avoiding trouble. Well, I'll admit I found plenty—the place was just filthy. I've never seen such mess. But I didn't get a gun and shoot the cook, Tim. I just explained to him that I had to fire him on account of the state he'd got things in and I gave him fifty rupees as a gift."

"So that's why I saw him in the bazaar, drunk at eleven o'clock this morning," Tim murmured, but Dale ignored him.

"And he took it very well . . ." she went on. Even Larry had to protest.

"They usually take fifty rupees well," he said.

"Being fired—not the money. I mean. Anyway, a new cook arrived right away and now everything out there is swell. So you see what I mean about dealing with these people?" she concluded.

"Absolutely," said Larry, trying not to catch Tim's eye. "We ought to get together; not rule with a rod of iron." But when Tim spoke there was a note of seriousness in his voice.

"Listen, honey," he said. "You want to be a bit careful with these servants. They're not a very good type up here and they're inclined to be revengeful. I've known cases where they've put powdered glass and worse in the food just because of some simple rebuke or because someone's given 'em ten rupees for doing it. So I think I'll go and interview this new man—"

"ALL you're looking for is an excuse to use a gun," Dale broke in. "The old idea of government from the gun muzzle. You just leave the new cook alone. A little more sympathy and a little less brutality—surely it's desirable?"

"The desirable isn't always attainable," said Tim, thinking of his work. "How true," said Larry, thinking of Dale.

"You're up against a big proposition," Tim went on patiently. "Child marriage . . ." Dale began, speaking from memory as she warmed to her theme.

"It took us over a hundred years to abolish suttee, the burning of widows on their husbands' funeral pyres, and it'll probably take us as long to alter certain other customs, even if we ever do manage to alter them. Most of them are older than our own civilisation, anyhow. You've just got to keep on keeping on, and hoping for results that are very slow in coming. It isn't lack of sympathy on either side. It's just . . . a big proposition," he ended lamely. "This trouble over the well is a pretty good example. It's the same with drainage and sanitation—"

"And yet I can clear up my kitchen peacefully while, if you'd handed it, you'd probably have taken the place apart," Dale suggested.

"Of course, sacking a cook and dealing with an armed mob are slightly different, but it's the same principle: it's the way you do it," Larry agreed. "There's an awful lot in what your wife says." Then he added hastily: "I think I'll be getting along now. I shall be busy if anything starts in the bazaar soothing 'em."

When he'd gone, Tim said: "He's very young. He can't seem to take things seriously yet, and his superiors in the police are getting restive. He doesn't seem keen enough to get a grip on his job—always casual."

"Maybe," suggested Dale the romanticist, "there's a woman in his life."

Tim laughed shortly. "Not Larry. He's just a tepid philanthropist. No, it wants an emergency to make a man of him."

"Emergency—or a woman," said Dale.

Animal Antics



"Beauty is only skin deep . . . but is my skin thick!"

they'd got a couple of machine-guns with 'em. Seems unnecessary to me."

"I'm inclined to agree with you," Dale said. "I can't help feeling—" Tim spoke brusquely. "We've had to put a picket on that well because it's teeming with cholera bacilli. Three doctors, two of them Indians, have reported that if water is drawn from it the whole bazaar will be down with cholera inside three days. But the bazaar people say they've drawn water from that well since the year one and they're going to continue the process in spite of cholera. So, for their own sake, they have to be prevented from drinking from it; there's plenty of water available from the other wells which aren't infected. That's the situation."

"But I don't understand," said Dale. She appealed to Larry. "Do you know much about India?" she asked.

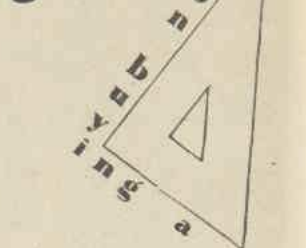
"Well, I'm in the Indian Police and I've been here three years, and candidly, Mrs. Hampton, I'm not a believer in armed force." He might have added: "I'm talking rank reason but I've got a very good reason for that." After all, Dale was a very good reason for anything.

"There," she said triumphantly. "You see, Tim, neither Mr. Garnett nor I can see the need for all this . . . this display. Why don't you try explaining to the crowd?"

"I did," said Tim, thinking of the half bottle which had missed him by an inch and cut short his explanation.

"And why the machine-guns?" Dale went on relentlessly. "Because a display of force is

A new angle



RADIO

FROM any angle Philips Radioplayers are better . . . tone is glorious, short wave reception is a true revelation, and control is simplicity itself thanks to window tuning and the Escalator short wave scale. Every detail in a Philips Radioplayer has been studied thoroughly and when you compare also style and price you'll realise that from every angle you buy better when you buy — Philips. Quality is the basis of every Philips product—there are millions of Australian users to prove it.

PHILIPS RADIO

"It Beats the Band"

* Listen to Jack Davy's new show, "It Beats the Band," every Sunday night at 7.30 through 2GB, 3AW, 4BH, 7BC, 7EA, and leading Country stations; at 7.30 through 2DN and 6.45 through 4PR and 6PM.

PHILIPS RADIOPLAYERS, LAMPS AND VALVES ARE MADE BY AUSTRALIANS FOR AUSTRALIAN HOMES

Hairdresser Gives Advice on Grey Hair

Tells How to Make a Home-Made Grey Hair Remedy.

Miss Diana Sanders, who has been a hairdresser in Sydney for the past ten years, gives this advice: "There is nothing to equal the remedy for grey hair, made up from an ounce of Bay Rum, 1 ounce of Glycerine and a small box of Orlex Compound, mixed with a half-pint of water. Any chemist can supply these ingredients at a small cost and the mixing is so easy you can do it yourself and save the extra expense. By combing this liquid through grey hair you can turn it any shade you like, black, brown or light brown, besides making it glossy and fluffy and free from itchy dandruff. It is perfectly harmless, free from stickiness, grease or gum and does not rub off. It should make any grey haired person vastly more youthful in appearance."

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Piles Go Quick

Piles are caused by congestion of blood in the lower bowel. Only an internal remedy can remove the cause. That's why salves and cutting fail. Dr. Leonard's Vaeoloid, a harmless tablet, succeeds, because it relieves this congestion and strengthens the affected parts. Vaeoloid has given quick, safe and lasting relief to thousands of pile sufferers. It will do the same for you or money back. Chemists everywhere sell Vaeoloid with this guarantee.

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

Please turn to page 10

Queen Mary as "foreman"



QUEEN MARY stops to talk to an inmate of a Disabled Men's Home in England. She still makes frequent visits to hospitals and factories, although a car accident two years ago impaired her health.

Her Majesty is tireless worker for national food production

By cable from MARY ST. CLAIRE, our Special Representative in England

Queen Mary's efforts to further the nation's food production in the garden of her west of England home have earned her the title of "foreman" of the estate.

Daily she supervises work in the garden and surrounding woods and has organised the whole household to take part in it.

SHE even ropes in guests for the work of clearing the land of scrub trees, and some of the reclaimed land has already been planted with crops.

On her 74th birthday last week Queen Mary spent the afternoon as usual at her self-appointed task.

On that day messages poured in to the Queen Mother, whose untiring devotion to duty since her coronation in 1911 has made her beloved by the Empire.

Since the outbreak of war she has given all her time to war work.

In the evenings every person in the household must take a turn at one of several knitting machines which Queen Mary has installed. She spends most of the evenings

herself working away while listening to the radio.

She is also keenly interested in salvage, and recently had the Salvage Controller down for a talk over plans and to give a lecture which was attended by all the household and most of the district.

Nothing in the Queen Mother's household is allowed to go to waste. Every scrap of paper and tin and every bit of household flotsam is carefully collected for a salvage dump.

Queen Mary gets exactly the same petrol ration as an ordinary person, and only applies for a supplementary ration when she has to pay visits to hospitals and factories.

She sticks strictly to all rationing, drinks tea weak, and has cut out sugar completely.

Soldiers were guests

SHE is a frequent visitor to the nearby troops—almost always informally.

They were her guests at the big birthday concert which replaced the customary Royal party.

The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester attended, and the artists were specially brought from London.

Queen Mary knows every child evacuee in the district, for they are all members of her gardening squads.

Most of the comforts she knits go to her particular regiment, the 13th Hussars.

She seldom pays social visits and very rarely sees her grandchildren, although she corresponds with them every week.

She receives an enormous mail, every letter of which she reads, and for this purpose she sets aside an hour or two every morning.

Her mail includes reports of the Queen Alexandra Imperial Nurses, who are in the Middle East with their units, and as president of this service she reads every one with keen interest.

Queen Mary carries her 74 years lightly, and still has the erect, dignified carriage which has always distinguished her.

She has lived during five reigns, those of Queen Victoria, King Edward VII, King George V, King Edward VIII, and King George VI.



QUEEN MARY as she appeared at pre-war State functions.



THE QUEEN MOTHER and Queen Elizabeth driving together. Queen Elizabeth is a worthy successor to beloved Queen Mary.



HE'S NOT THE MAN I MARRIED

John and Mary Kirby had been happily married for years. They adored each other. Then John was drafted into an essential service... the extra strain began to tell on his nerves.



KEEP IT UP, JOHN! YOU'RE DOING WONDERFUL WORK!



AT HOME.

FOR GOODNESS SAKE, MARY, MAKE HIM PLAY OUTSIDE! MY NERVES CAN'T STAND IT!

LOOK DADDY, I'M A TRAIN!



THEN AGAIN LATER.

DARLING—DO YOU THINK WE CAN AFFORD SOME NEW CURTAINS?

YOU'RE ALWAYS ASKING FOR SOMETHING! ANYONE'D THINK I WAS MADE OF MONEY!



HE'S NOT THE MAN I MARRIED, MUM. HE'S SO NERVOUS AND JUMPY LATELY. CAN YOU PERSUADE HIM TO SEE A DOCTOR?



AT THE DOCTOR'S

MR. KIRBY—YOU'RE REALLY SUFFERING FROM NIGHT-STARVATION. THAT'S WHY YOU WAKE TIRED, FEEL RUN DOWN, DEPRESSED AND NERVOUS. YOU SEE, WHILE YOU SLEEP, YOUR BODY GOES ON BURNING UP ENERGY. HEART, LUNGS GO ON WITH THEIR WORK—JUST THE SAME. NATURALLY, IF ENERGY ISN'T REPLACED, YOU WAKE TIRED. YOUR RESISTANCE IS LOWERED AND YOUR NERVES GET THE BETTER OF YOU. IT'S NIGHT-STARVATION AND MY ADVICE IS, DRINK HORLICKS EVERY NIGHT BEFORE BED.



SO HORLICKS EVERY NIGHT.

LATER.

HOW DO THE NEW CURTAINS LOOK, DARLING?

Jumpy, ragged nerves are a sure sign of Night-Starvation. If you wake in the morning tired, if you get run down, irritable, if your nerves are ragged, jumpy, then start drinking Horlicks every night before bed. This nourishing, well-balanced food will restore the vitality necessary to keep your nerves steady—help you carry on.

HORLICKS

guards against

NIGHT-STARVATION

—helps resist the strain.



IT'S ALL THE EXTRA STRAIN THAT MAKES YOUR NERVES JUMPY!



Bath your baby with PEARS
you can see it's pure

Purity is the essence of Pears. You can see its purity simply by holding a tablet up to the light. There is nothing like the purity and mildness of Pears for the rosy skin of your baby.

ORIGINAL TRANSPARENT SOAP

10-309-77



Careers for GIRLS & LADIES

Here is YOUR Opportunity to help fill the places being vacated by men. STOTT'S can prepare you—successfully—in the privacy of YOUR OWN HOME. Without any obligation whatsoever SEND THE COUPON for particulars of any of the following courses:

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TO STOTT'S (Nearest Office, see list).
I should like details of your course in
MY NAME
ADDRESS
A.W.W. 1341

"WELL, some sort of violent experience," Tim smiled. Then he glanced down at her. "This another theory?" he asked. "Not one I propose putting into practice," she assured him. And it says much for their trust in each other that neither seriously visualised the woman who would make a man of Larry Garnett, although Larry himself was already suffering from clearly defined visions on that subject.

Dale found Larry a great comfort during the days which followed. He was so understanding. Tim was away a lot on duty, but Larry could usually manage to get an hour or two off around cocktail time, although he admitted it was difficult now that Habbi Bula, a minor political leader, had taken up his quarters at Chandar Serral. He said Habbi Bula was misguided; sincere in his way, but apt to be a little thoughtless.

It was as well Dale didn't know the things Larry said in the privacy of his office, because she became quite interested in the movements of this latest reformer, Larry, secretly praying the gods would provide sufficient evidence to make the arrest of the reformer worth while.

Wonderful in Theory

Continued from page 8

told her that, very regretfully of course, he might have to take the man into custody, more for his own sake than because he was dangerous. "The trouble is," he explained, "that half the population support him and the other half are violently against him. By playing one against the other he manages to embarrass us without coming into direct opposition to us. He leaves us in the unenviable position of peacemakers—at our own risk."

Dale listened attentively. It was such a change to get detailed explanation like this. Tim always accepted things on their face value without troubling to explain the complications. When she'd mentioned Habbi Bula to him, for example, he'd just smiled and said:

"That old rascal has visited every Government prison from Alipore to the Andaman Islands. I'm sorry he's turned up here; he's a bit of a stormy petrel."

And he had posted an armed orderly permanently on duty at the bungalow, which Dale had faintly resented. It was the same old story of armed force.

But Larry was so understanding. His knowledge of native customs, architecture, and art was inexhaustible. Occasionally she wondered if the Indians went in for etchings at all, but she banished the thought. Larry was always the very soul of punctiliousness, and well—Tim was on duty quite a lot these days.

Not that she gave Larry the slightest encouragement. That, had she known it, was why he was so punctilious. Normally, it wasn't his long suit.

Another thing which interested her about him was his way of appealing to her when he was in trouble about anything, though she didn't realise that he spent a good deal of his spare time inventing troubles over which to appeal.

For up to now women had been merely fun to Larry. Nice clean fun, or just fun, but never anything more enthralling. But when he was with Dale it was somehow different. There was, for example, her obvious detestation of India... maybe she'd be glad to escape... So, when next they met on the club verandah, Larry's trouble took the form of his inability to understand women and his lack of attraction for them. This is a pretty ancient gambit, but then he was very young. Dale, however, proved less sympathetic than expected. "You?" she scoffed, "why, you've never been in love; that's what's wrong with you."

Larry pondered this accusation. It was true enough up to a point. But he felt he was rapidly approaching that point.

"Never," he admitted. "That is till—"

"By the way," Dale cut in swiftly, "snakes don't thrive on toilet preparations, do they?"

Larry, although slightly dashed by this change of ground, decided to persevere. He reached for her hand.

"I—I don't quite get you," he queried. Dale withdrew her hand.

"And you never will," she assured him.

"I'm sorry," said Larry. It was more a statement of fact than an apology.

DALE clearly remembered her own prophecy about a woman or an emergency in regard to Larry and she hadn't the faintest intention of being cast for either. She repeated calmly: "About those snakes; they don't eat face creams and that sort of thing, do they?"

"Good Lord, no. Why?" asked Larry, accepting the situation.

"Well, mine seem to be disappearing rather quickly and I just wondered."

"That's the servants," he told her. "They love those things. Always helping themselves. Your ayah—"

"My ayah is perfectly honest; she wouldn't touch a thing," Dale flared. "You're like all the rest of them, you must blame the natives. It makes me mad."

Larry protested he'd meant nothing derogatory; it was a kind of habit with the servants, but Dale wouldn't be mollified and she dismissed him soon after that. He was annoyed at his slip; he felt he was losing his technique. And Dale was equally annoyed, for she had no time for that sort of technique.

But that sort of technique was beginning to dawn on Dale. Love was coming rapidly to Larry Garnett. And, as is frequently the case, it was coming just when he knew it was no good.

Soon after he had gone Tim called Dale from the cavalry lines to say he'd been ordered out on duty and would be late. There was more trouble in the bazaar and he had to go down there with his squadron. "It's that blighter Habbi Bula," he said. "He's managed to start a first-class communal riot. I'm sending a rifle and three sowars up to the bungalow."

"What are they?" Dale asked suspiciously. "More snakes?"

Tim laughed. "A sergeant and three troopers," he translated. "They'll mount a sentry at the gate."

"Is that necessary?" Dale asked, and Tim said it was merely precautionary.

"Is there any danger?" she demanded. "I mean, for you?"

"Not the least," he lied cheerfully. "Only a matter of keeping the two rival factions apart and preventing them from cutting one another's throats. I'll be home when it's all calmed down—don't wait up for me, dear."

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION from 2GB



Every day from
4.30 to
5 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, June 4.—
Mr. Edwards and Goodie
Reeve—Gardening Talk.

THURSDAY, June 5.—
Goodie Reeve in Tales from
the Tarkies.

FRIDAY, June 6.—"Musical
Alphabet."

SATURDAY, June 7.—
Goodie Reeve presents
"Musical Mysteries."

SUNDAY, June 8.—
Marsden—Astrology for the
Business Folk — Gardening
by the Stars. Special: Re-
markable Prophecies: "The
Writing on the Wall."

MONDAY, June 9.—With
the A.I.F. Overseas.

TUESDAY, June 10.—
Marsden Special—Interpreting
the Characteristics of the
Cuspers.

The beating of drums and gongs from the direction of the bazaar drowned his parting words. It sounded ominous. Dale felt relieved when the guard Tim had ordered marched into the compound five minutes later.

When the ayah announced the bath was ready, Dale tried to dismiss the faint air of foreboding the sight of the armed sentry at the gate had created. But as she struggled to make herself comfortable in the abominable zinc tub she began to wonder if, after all, these problems of India and of those who served there were as simple as she had at first suspected.

Maybe they were more complicated than just firing a cook for having a dirty kitchen. And maybe this Habbi Bula wasn't so much a reformer as an agitator. Unscrupulous political leaders had an easy weapon when they could work religious fervor up to flash point, as Habbi Bula seemed to be doing. Of course, reason and toleration should prevail, but...

Her eyes ranged along the shelf on which her beloved toilet preparations were displayed; those last links with civilisation which meant so much to her. She sat up as quickly as the tub would permit. Most of the jars were now half empty and some of the bottles were missing. She forgot about reason and toleration and called sharply for the ayah. Perhaps Larry had been right.

And when the ayah came to the door wearing a look of injured innocence and waiting a strong perfume of gardenia, Dale said things to her which were hardly in keeping with her theories. The ayah fled. Dale could hear her complaining bitterly in the kitchen across the compound.

Please turn to page 12

SMASH that COLD or FLU ATTACK with 'ASPRO' TO-NIGHT

FOR over
24 years
'ASPRO' has
given world-
wide proof of
quick, posi-
tive results
and is still the
Quickest—Best—Safest and Surest

method to SMASH Colds and Influenza. 'ASPRO' Powders or 'ASPRO' Tablets go right to the seat of the trouble and give immediate action as an internal germ destroyer—an antiseptic—an anti-pyretic or fever reducer and eliminate poisons through the pores of the skin. There are scores of remedies for Colds and 'Flu but there is only **ONE** 'ASPRO' because 'ASPRO' is produced under a secret process, which has been zealously guarded by the proprietors. To beat Colds and 'Flu take 'ASPRO' immediately symptoms appear—then follow directions. Use 'ASPRO' Tablets or 'ASPRO' Powders—whichever suit you best.



For a SORE THROAT gargle with 'ASPRO' every day and guard against infection.

Keep 'ASPRO' In the House & You Keep COLDS & FLU OUT



GENTLE massage with IODINE quickly relieves pain, reduces inflammation and helps restore normal conditions. For the First-Aid treatment of Stiff Joints, Sprains and Muscular Pains IODINE is unsurpassed, but in stubborn cases you should see your doctor.

PRICE 2/1 from all chemists



More snapshots of happy Tubb family



TUBB FAMILY TRIPLETS, Peter (left), Laurence, and Barry (right), 17 months old, are youngest of 17 children of Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Tubb, of Barellan, whose story is told on page 7.



PATRICIA TUBB, eldest of five daughters, will be 19 in August. She attends the switch at Barellan Post Office, and likes being one of a large family.



STOP THAT PIG! Brian Tubb, who is 8, sets out to deal with a pig escapee. All the children are sturdy and very healthy.



COME TO THE COOKHOUSE DOOR. The Tubb dinner-gong is a metal turntable from an old gramophone. "Mealtime is the only time you can find them all," said Mrs. Tubb as she beat the tucker tattoo at noon. Family eats in relays, and takes washing up in "turns."



STEPS AND STAIRS. The happy family from the left: Joseph, 4; Owen, 7; Brian, 8; James, 9; Terry, 12; Michael, 14; Daniel, 15, and Mr. and Mrs.

Tubb carrying the triplets, 17 months; Patricia, 18; Mary, 16; Claire, 10; Kathleen, 5; Therese, 2. John, 22, and Alfred, 17, are away from home.

Explains How Enlarged Veins Can be Reduced

Often Veins Burst and Cause
Much Suffering, Expense and
Loss of Employment

Many people have become despondent because they have been led to believe that there is no remedy that will reduce swollen veins.

If you will get a two-ounce original bottle of Moone's Emerald Oil (full strength) at any chemist's and apply it at home as directed, you will quickly notice an improvement which will continue until the veins are reduced to normal.

Moone's Emerald Oil, which has brought much comfort to worried people all over the country, is one of the wonderful discoveries of recent years.

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

WHEN she had dressed, Dale, with a determined tilt to her firm chin, set out for the kitchen. She'd remembered some more things she wanted to tell the ayah. She arrived unexpectedly, which was unfortunate for the new cook.

Dale stood speechless, watching him anointing his beard with the most expensive product of a famous perfumer. Then speechlessness passed and she started being profoundly unsympathetic to the Indian outlook. Indeed, she became so engrossed in contradicting her previously held views that she failed to notice the scowls on the faces of the servants round her. She never knew how lucky it was that Larry Garnett suddenly appeared in the doorway.

He took in the situation and asked: "Having trouble, Dale?"

Dale blushed. Her remarks had been scarcely compatible with the

Wonderful in Theory

Continued from page 10

opinions they had so frequently shared.

"I'll say I'm having trouble," she admitted.

Larry glanced at the assembled servants. "Want 'em cleared out?" he said. Dale nodded. She rather admired the parade rasp in Larry's voice when he turned on the men. And she was pleased to see the alacrity with which they obeyed his brief commands. She'd have been surprised and probably shocked if she'd been able to understand some of the things Larry had said.

When the men had gone, she looked at Larry thoughtfully. "I'm very grateful," she began. Then she noticed the lines about his mouth and the drawn look in his eyes.

"You been having trouble too?" she asked.

"Oh, nothing much. Thought I'd

look in and make sure you were all right as I happened to be this way. But there's a rough house going on in the bazaar, though. Three troop horses hamstrung and eight troopers in hospital already." He hadn't meant to say that, but he was tired. "Of course, if only they'd get the ringleaders aside and have a round-table conference," he added, reverting hastily to his usual conversational approach.

"Don't be a fool," Dale retorted. "Tim was perfectly right in all he said. Have you seen him? Is he all right?" she asked anxiously.

"So far. I'm hoping he'll run across Habbi Bula, but I expect Mr. Bula is keeping well away from the trouble now that he's managed to get it going."

A MOMENTS silence, and then Dale asked: "And why d'you want Tim to meet him?"

"Old scores to settle. Habbi Bula swore to get Tim when your husband captured him near the frontier and had him sent to the Andaman Islands for his last stretch. But if they meet, I'd put my money on Tim every time."

"You mean Habbi Bula has a personal grudge against Tim? Why didn't you tell me before? And why didn't Tim tell me? Say, what are you doing here, anyway? Why aren't you in the bazaar where the fighting is?"

"I'm just going, Dale," Larry assured her. "But you seemed to be a bit rattled—"

Dale laughed suddenly. "Maybe I was," she admitted. "Now you run along and look after Tim for me."

"Sure you'll be all right? I mean, what about dinner? Can you cook a curry?" He glanced at the table where the ingredients for curry were set out for the preparation of the evening meal.

"No," said Dale. "But I've got a chicken and plenty of corn on the cob; the only two civilised things this darn country produces. I'll get a dinner that'll surprise Tim when he gets back. A dinner worthy of him."

She started to clear the table. Suddenly she paused. "Well, I'll be . . ." she began. She was examining a packet she had picked up. Then she handed it to Larry and said:

"This is the craziest country; just take a look at that. My brilliantine on the cook's beard, my perfume on the ayah, and now, to beat everything, my bath salts in the curry! I'm going to write a book about this place that'll surprise the world. And now, Larry, you get going. I shall be busy, and I want you to keep an eye on Tim for me."

Larry wished her good-night. And perhaps there was more genuine affection in his voice when he spoke that banal sentence than there had been at any time since he'd met her. As he walked away he tried to whistle. But it wasn't much of a success.

DALE set to work on the chicken and corn. She paused to screen the door from the rays of the setting sun. The tumult in the bazaar had died. The evening breeze brought an odor of burning pine wood; far down the path a man was singing a native love song; and from the minaret of the mosque above the bazaar the Azan began the evening call to prayer: "Allahu Akbar! Ashadu an la ilaha illa'llah . . ." There is no God but God.

She drew a deep breath; this India was creeping up on her. And then she heard the clatter of Tim and his troopers returning from duty and she ran to meet him.

Larry watched her from the side gate. He turned away wearily; it seemed like just another lost opportunity. Everything he tried went wrong somehow. His job, Dale . . . But he was rather proud of himself. Dale had never noticed that his collarbone had been broken by a tile deftly dropped from a roof in the bazaar. She'd been so worried, it hadn't seemed fair to appeal to her in his latest trouble, as he had intended, so he hadn't asked for the bandages and warm water he had meant to beg.

That had gone wrong, too; he was left with nothing: nothing except a little packet of bath salts which Dale had rescued from the curry and which he had surreptitiously slipped into his pocket as a memento.

Absently he raised it so that he might savor the perfume Dale always used. Then he paused, and when he spoke to the police havildar at his side his voice had taken on a new note of authority.

"Arrest the cook who left here about fifteen minutes ago," he ordered. "Find out who put him in the job and paid him for his work. I know the answers to both, and as soon as you bring me confirmation we'll go ahead and arrest Habbi Bula for 'incitement to murder.' That charge will do till we can collect more evidence against him."

He took a crystal of Dale's bath salts from the packet and put it on his tongue.

"White arsenic," he murmured. "I thought I was right."

As he went on his way he found he was able to whistle quite successfully.

(Copyright)

FROM A LITTLE GIRL IN ENGLAND WHOSE FATHER FOUGHT AT DUNKIRK. LATER HE VISITED SYDNEY. HE LEFT ON A BOAT AND HAS NOT BEEN HEARD OF SINCE

PLEASE TELL
DADDY THE BOMBS KILLED
MY DOGGIE

"... Mummy is very worried because my two baby brothers are very ill, and she is in bed, too. If you happen to know where my Daddy is, will you please let him know that we have been bombed out of our home, and we have lost everything. All my dolls and toys are gone, but most of all I miss my little dog. Please excuse my writing as the baby keeps jogging me. I will have to feed him soon. Please excuse Mummy for not writing to you, but you will understand the worry Mummy has got . . ."

"It must not happen here!" But it can happen here, and it will happen here, unless you, and every man and woman in Australia, put every ounce of energy, grit, and determination you possess into an all-in effort to win this war. Blood and toil and tears and sweat were all Churchill offered the people of Britain. We in Australia, by toil and sweat, may yet keep the blood and tears from Australian soil itself. It depends on you, and what you do in the next few months. Ask yourself: "What am I doing to help Australia? What can I do to help Australia?" And then do it!

ALL IN, Australians!
—this can happen here

ISSUED BY THE DEPARTMENT OF INFORMATION.

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT: *Photographic history of the man of the hour*



1882—3 MONTHS



1883—1 YEAR



1887—5 YEARS



1889—7 YEARS



1892—10 YEARS



1894—12 YEARS



1898—16 YEARS



1900—18 YEARS



1903—21 YEARS



1910—28 YEARS



1913—31 YEARS



1915—33 YEARS



1916—34 YEARS



1917—35 YEARS



1920—38 YEARS



1923—41 YEARS



1927—45 YEARS



1929—47 YEARS



1931—49 YEARS



1933—51 YEARS



1935—53 YEARS



1937—55 YEARS



1939—57 YEARS



1941—59 YEARS

"WE do not accept, we will not permit, this Nazi shape of things to come. It will never be forced upon us if we bring to bear all the wisdom and courage which have characterised our country in all the crises of the past. 'If we believe in the independence and integrity of the Americas we must be willing to fight.'"

—Points from Mr. Roosevelt's speech.



A HOST OF GOOD THINGS

A host of good things await you at the Victoria. The food is excellently cooked and meticulously served. The bedrooms are spacious and comfortable, the lounges luxuriously furnished, and the special guest service all you could desire. All these things, added to the convenience of staying right in the heart of the city, make the Victoria Melbourne's most popular hotel, and bring over a quarter million guests each year.

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(11.12.41)

An Editorial

JUNE 7, 1941

THE FIGHT THAT MATTERS



THERE is only one fight that matters. I call on the whole of Australia to go to it." This was Mr. Menzies' rallying call to the people in his first nation-wide speech after his return.

He spoke to a people already aware that the time has come when all Australians must stand together.

He had roused them with his homecoming speech, in which he said: "There is just one sick feeling in my heart, and that is that I must come home to play at politics."

Australians do not want him to play at politics—they want him to lead, so strongly, so resolutely that not one of us will have a doubt as to where our duty lies.

The need of the times obviously transcends politics.

Mr. Menzies said: "We still have energy running to waste in Australia."

That is tragically true.

It is energy that he as the head of the Government can harness.

Hands may be idle or busy with frivolous peacetime crafts, but that does not mean that idle hands are unwilling to help.

The Government alone can put them to the right and proper tasks.

If Mr. Menzies, with the inspiration of what he has seen working like new blood in his veins, can swing all Australia into line in an all-out war effort, Australia will be contented, no matter how hard the task he sets.

The sacrifices of which he warns us would be accepted cheerfully. Indeed, many thoughtful people have long felt disturbed that a war effort so vital to freedom should yet have so little interrupted our pleasant way of life.

We shall all feel better when Mr. Menzies and his colleagues provide that interruption, demand those sacrifices, and set us to work.

—THE EDITOR.

Letters from our Boys

THOSE "little bits" you read to friends from letters of husband, son or sweetheart in the fighting forces will interest and comfort other Australians through this page.

The Australian Women's Weekly invites readers to send in copies of or extracts from letters. A minimum payment of 5/- will be made for each extract published. Contributors should state if they wish their own names or the letter-writers' names to be published.

A corporal in Egypt to his sweetheart at Hornsby, N.S.W.

"I AM sending you a handbag, tan leather with Egyptian figures on it. I looked all over Alexandria for something a bit out of the ordinary.

"I was on leave for only six hours, and it was a pretty hard job bumping into people in the blackout, with only a little glow from each shop.

"The funniest thing was when my mate Lofty and I, after barging by mistake into every sort of shop from a butcher's to a feed joint of the lowest kind, at last found ourselves in a very nice-looking place.

"A very smart salesgirl gave us a dazzling smile, but she couldn't speak English.

"Then I heard Lofty gasp, 'Cripes, what's this?'

"It was a women's shop with all the what-have-yous that you wear all round, and not a man in sight.

"I tried to explain my way out, but the girl took me to another dame, and then another, who said she understood a little English.

"For the hundredth time I told her I wanted something for my girl friend in Ausale.

"By this time Lofty was edging towards the door, and I turned round from reminding him that he shouldn't leave his mate in the lurch to find the girl holding up a pair of scanties.

"She insisted, much to my embarrassment, that I examine them closely. Then she had an idea, dropped the scanties and returned with the top half of the set, holding them up in front of her to demonstrate.

"Lofty was by now at the door, grinning his head off, and there was I with a mob of salesgirls all doing their best to send me into an apoplectic fit, so to get out I bought two covers of some kind and told them Lofty would buy the scanties.

"Whereupon they went after poor old Lofty, who with his eyes bulging out of his head made one dive out the door with me about three yards ahead."

A chief petty-officer in an Australian armed merchant cruiser in the Atlantic to his wife at Kangaroo Point, Qld.:

"THE city we are berthed near just now isn't much fun. The blackout makes things bad enough, but unless you are staying the night you can't get into a pub after ten o'clock, and all the restaurants are closed after that time.

"Of course, the restrictions on food are very real in this country, and I suppose they simply haven't the supplies to allow them to remain open. Everything is rationed, but nobody seems to mind very much.

"All around the cities and industrial areas barrage balloons float in their dozens, and have had a deterrent effect on the wily Hun.

"He can't get down close enough to be certain it is a hospital he is bombing or

Winnie the War Winner



"Major! I think we've had a blowout."

children he is machine-gunning. I used to put most Hun atrocities down to good propaganda at one time, I know differently now.

"One of their pet games is sinking a merchant ship and machine-gunning the survivors. Anyhow, you've heard all the rest, and they are all true.

"But they won't beat the people over here if they keep bombing them for the next ten years, providing we can beat the submarines and raiders, and keep the supplies going into the country.

"It's a bit of a tough job, but we do our best."

Private C. P. Hocking in hospital in the Middle East to his sister, Mrs. L. B. Brentson, at Alberton, S.A.:

"I WENT into battle for the first time at a place called Jarabub, occupied by the Italians.

"We were awakened from our slumber about one o'clock in the morning to get ready for the big hop-over at dawn. We travelled a few miles in trucks, which took us longer than we expected owing to the terrible sandstorms.

"We jumped off our trucks, took up our positions, and the fun was on. It was quiet for a while. We cleaned them up as we went.

"About two miles farther on it was like Hell, and here I got in the way of a hand grenade which I stopped with my leg. I am now in hospital, but you don't need to worry about me, because I feel O.K.

"It certainly seems strange my being in hospital, the first time in my life.

"I have learned since I left the boys that they did a grand job, and I will not be satisfied till I get back with them."

A transport driver in Libya to his sister in Mackay, Qld.:

"TWO of us are sleeping in a dug-out about eighteen inches deep, walled around with petrol tins full of earth and a good thick layer of dirt over the top.

"But there are times when I wouldn't exchange it for the lounge of the Hotel Australia, in Sydney; in fact, I often get very pally with the floor of it, and you would think I was trying to kiss it.

"These are the times when the Jerry planes come over and try playing eyedrop with big pieces of metal.

"I often used to laugh at rabbits disappearing down their holes at the least sign of trouble, but that is just what we do now. We sit on the edge of our burrows and at the sign of a plane overhead just quietly disappear from view.

"We got a fright the other day. Two of us were sitting in the cabin of a truck. We heard a plane coming, and from a casual glance out the window it looked like a Hurricane, but when the darned thing got level with us it had black crosses on it.

"My hair should just about be white when I get home. I can't get it to lie down. It always seems to be standing on end."

A transport officer in the Middle East to his sister at Bar Beach, Newcastle, N.S.W.:

"WELL, the little pup of which I sent you a photo is no more. The car I had is also no more. It all happened like this:

"Our transport column was attacked by dive-bombers. I scuttled away just in time, but, unfortunately, had to leave the pup in the front seat. A direct hit finished both; could just find bits of the car.

"Our Spitfires and Hurricanes are doing a wonderful job. Every raid they bag two or three. It's a marvellous sight to see them sit on a Jerry bomber's tail and let him have it. You can hear the guns blazing, and, 'Bingo,' down comes another bomber.

"We are at last face to face with the Hun, and it makes me proud to see our lads in action.

"They are cool and calm, with plenty of dash; in fact, as a couple of Tommy soldiers said: 'Lummie! Can these Orstrallians fight? They just light a cigarette, fix their bayonets, and over the top.'"

Private J. D. Scott, a Victorian overseas, sent this poem in thanks to the Kookaburra Club, Melbourne, for a parcel of knitted comforts. (Riley drain and Merri Creek are in Victoria):

I RECEIVED your welcome woolies and I promise you I will
Wear 'em when I reach Berlin, then back to Clifton Hill,
I'll wear 'em when I'm strolling down some English country lane,
I'll wear 'em when I'm yachting down the famous Riley drain,
I'll wear 'em right through Italy, when Muss I go to seek,
I'll wear 'em when I'm bathing in our home State's Merri Creek,
I'll wear 'em when I'm courting a little French mam'selle,
And if I don't come back you'll know I'm wearing 'em in —!

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By WEP



INFLUENCE needed to get a stripe ... says Private Willie



Soldiering not as easy as emptying dustbins

Dear Mother,—After six weeks in the army I've got to admit it ain't so easy as emptying dustbins.

After all the old job was pretty simple once you have learnt the trick of upending a dustbin so's the rubbish don't all fall down the back of your neck, all you have got to look out for is dogs which for reasons unknown seem to have a special spite against dustmen.

WELL there ain't no dogs in the army, but there's a lot of things to learn and I been trying hard to learn them on account of I want to get a stripe.

The reason I want to get a stripe is because private soldiers, especially me and Sid, click for too many fatigues. By way of a change I'd like to be one of the blokes what ditches out the fatigues.

So I been paying extra special attention to drill hoping that I shall catch the eye of the powers that be. However, it's all very difficult. You'd think it was easy enough to fix a bayonet on to a rifle, so it is, but you have to do it the hard way in the army.

First of all the sargent gets a platoon of rookies lined up, then he says, now I am going to teach you fellows how to fix bayonets. The command is—FIX BAYONETS but when I say FIX yer don't fix, see. And then he glares at us like a

chucker-out waiting for a customer to start an argument.

Well, it takes us about two hours to learn how to fix bayonets and when we've learnt we can get the bayonet on the rifle in about three minutes from the word FIX, which wouldn't be much good if a Nasty was coming at you.

Then again when we're practising bayonet-fighting the sargent tells us to put plenty of punch into it. That's all right but there's too many knobs on the butt-end of a rifle for my liking, if you try to put punch into it all you get is torn hands. I reckon they ought to streamline rifles a bit or else let you wear boxing gloves.

Sometimes we have some practice with spring bayonets stuck on dummy rifles. First of all we dress up in padded quilts and put on wire helmets, then we have a scrap with the spring bayonets. It's good fun.

The other day we were practising with spring bayonets when the kernel, he is a lord in private life, comes and takes a dekho at us.

Dear Mother

By DOUGLAS COMPTON-JAMES

The sargent thinks he'd like to show off a bit so he picks me out for a sham duel with him in front of kernel. I am not quite sure whether he picks me out because I am the best bayonet fighter in the platoon—or the worst.

Anyway we square up to each other with the kernel looking on and I remember what I have been taught and I fight very pretty—thrust and parry, thrust and parry.

Soon we get so close together that we can't thrust and parry no more so I give the sargent a dig with the butt-end like I have been taught and he says something under his breath which I don't quite catch.

After that we are so tangled up like boxers in a clinch we cannot move, then I get a good idea. I drop my rifle and grab the sargent's. He is only a little chap and it is no trouble at all for me to wrench his rifle out of his grasp.

At the same time I twist him round and crook my leg round his so he throws a lovely six, whereupon I put my foot on his chest and give the old Tarzan war-cry.

Good heavens, says the kernel to the agitant (a special officer who has to make himself a blinking nuisance) if that was a service rifle I'd have him crimed for losing it.

Sargent, he continues, surely you don't teach your men to let go their rifles when they're bayonet fighting.

No, sir, replies the sargent, that must have been an idea of his own. Blime, I says, I got him down and won, didn't I?

But the kernel and the agitant walked away and the sargent gives me a black look. Somehow I can't quite see him recommending me for a stripe and it don't look as though the kernel is likely to go out of his way to promote me.

Lance-corporal—when?

NEXT day we were doing some marching exercises under Flash Alf when all of a sudden he shouts, COMPANY—HALT. Private Clark fall out. He gives the company the stand easy and says, now men I want you to watch Private Clark very carefully while he does a solo march up and down; pay particler attention to his action.

Blime, I thinks to myself, this is a good chance for a stripe, Flash Alf picking me out to show them how to march.

So then he gives me the order QUICK MARCH and I snap into it leftright, leftright, left . . . up and down in front of the company.

All right Private Clark, says Flash Alf after I have done a couple of turns, you can fall in again now. So I take my place in the ranks feeling pretty chipper.

Now men, says Flash Alf, you've seen the way Private Clark marches and you'll probably agree with me that he is the world's worst marcher. You noticed no doubt that he puts his heels down first whereas of course in marching toes should touch the ground first. Heaven knows what he'll do if he has to perform a long route march. Now this is the way I want you to march.

So then he demonstrates and blime he was jamming his heels in the

"So he gives me the order to quick march and I snap into it."

ground as though he was making a block at cricket each step and the troops even the sargents was grinning while he'd got his back to them.

So I been weighing things up and I've come to the conclusion that the only way to get a stripe is with influence, you have got to have somebody behind you.

Well, funnily enough, mebbe I got a bit of influence. There is a sargent here named Turvey who seems to have taken a great fancy to me he gives me his rifle and equipment to clean.

I don't know how he got his stripes

because we all think he is half gaga and the corporals say he is the joke of the sargents' mess, which is army for a kind of club, but anyway he is a sargent and he says mebbe he'll get me a stripe before long if I keep on the way I'm going.

However, I must close now as Sargent Turvey wants me to polish his walking-out boots on account of he is going to meet his best girl. Hoping this leaves me as it finds you at present.

Your loving son,

Another letter from Private Willie next week.



Are you only HALF the girl you'd like to be?

Why get up in the mornings half awake?

Why finish your shower half refreshed?

Why sit down to breakfast with half an appetite?

If you've half a mind to get a tonic, make up the other half and get a real tonic—get Kruschen the TONIC Salts.

Kruschen cleanses your digestive system, purifies your blood, brightens your eyes, sweetens your breath, puts a glint in your hair and colour in your cheeks. Kruschen makes you as fresh and clean inside as soap and water outside. Beauty is more than skin deep. The glow of health springs from within.

KRUSCHEN

The TONIC Salts

Kruschen does not form a habit, so there is never need to increase the dose—as much as will cover a sixpence; tasteless in tea; almost tasteless in hot water. 1/6 and 2/9 a bottle at chemists and stores.

K2-18-41

ON YOUR FEET ALL DAY?

End Tiredness & Pain With

Zam-Buk

HOW many thousands say to themselves during the day, "Oh, my poor feet!" Hours of standing and walking—shopping, housework, out at work, or on N.E.S., or other National duty—all are liable to cause weary, painful feet. Therefore, be sure your hard-working feet have regular attention with Zam-Buk.

First bathe your feet every night in warm water. Then, after drying thoroughly, gently massage Zam-Buk Ointment into the ankles, insteps, soles and between the toes. The refined herbal oils in Zam-Buk are easily absorbed into the skin.

Swelling, Pain and Inflammation are thus quickly relieved. Corns are softened and easily removed; blisters, soreness and chafing are healed, and you can again get about in real comfort.

1/7 or 3/8 a box.



Navy, Army or Air Force. Wherever he is serving, he will welcome Zam-Buk. So don't forget to slip a box into your next parcel.



Use ZAM-BUK Regularly

Itching Fiery CHILBLAINS HEALED



One said snap—
then my hands
would be a mass
of burning, itching
chilblains.

Trying was torture
—I hated people to
see my red swollen
fingers. Nothing did
the slightest good.



Then a friend told
me about Rexona
Ointment... oh, the
RELIEF after those
months of suffering.

Now I know why
Rexona soothes. It
contains SIX proved
healing medicaments
that make it the per-
fect remedy for all
skin troubles.



1/7
in the green
triangular
tin (3 times
the quantity
3/2)
From
Chemists or
Stores

O.19.32

IT was hot as my old bedroom under the roof in Frankford, and everything was new to me; the funny smell of a ship and that sort of anxiety in your stomach and such blue water with big yellow sponges floating. I guess the sail was only two days but it certainly seems like longer.

Of course, Wynn got me so conditioned about men's clothes that I hate to see them overdone. Mark's striped pants, creased like a knife-edge, would blackball him at any cricket club, and those black and white yachting shoes with perforated breathing holes were definitely Hollywood. What put Big Casino on the outfit was the weird colors of his shirt and check tweed coat, and once he produced a handkerchief made of the same stuff as the shirt.

That's pretty terrible, because a man ought to look like he's put together by accident, not added up on purpose.

Poor old Mark, you could just see he'd been spending his Saturday afternoons figuring out this cruising kit. Then you'd notice his hands and forget about the other foolishness. Massage and chiropractic I studied out in Chicago made me observant about hands. When I learned he was working in the children's hospital we had lots to talk about.

He was curious to find out what kind of line I was in and I wouldn't tell him. There was a good many ways Mark would look like the answer to a maiden's prayer, if you were that kind of a maiden. What interested me was how he knew his stuff about kids. On the voyage back, two weeks later, he was on the same ship again; it was end of August and we ran into one of those hurricanes. A little boy fell downstairs and broke his collarbone, and

Mark and I happened to be standing right there. The ship's doctor was busy with trouble, and Mark had the child bandaged up and comfortable before you'd know it. That made a big hit with me.

We were staying at different places when we got to Bermuda, and I was having fun with another crowd, so I didn't see much of him. I ran into him one day over at Elbow Beach, tanned as brown as coffee, with a bunch of the G-string girls. He took me dancing on the hotel terrace one night.

We went for a sail in the harbor, and I had to explain to him that I starved one fever successfully and I had no intention to start up another. He was a bit piqued about it. I was a bit piqued about it. He was a bit piqued about it.

Of course Mark, successful and bright the way he is, can always get as many of his own kind as he'd care to whistle at. I was someone outside his routine and I had him puzzled. They certainly do like to know all about everything, and he'd lead up questions to try to get me placed.

The most I would tell him was I came from Philly, and he'd say, "Well, it's only two hours away." I think he believed I was some kind of a trained nurse who hadn't had the advantages of a New York or Johns Hopkins training. If he'd known I was getting ready to move into my own apartment on Riverside he'd have had the number out of me after two cocktails. I had to smile when he told me how he'd moved his mother down to West End Avenue, which is their idea of Seventh Heaven. I liked the way he talked about her.

He told me a lot about infantile paralysis, how it usually moves from south to north and comes in a kind of annual epidemic, mostly late summer and early autumn. Matter of fact, he said he was taking this vacation to get good and tough for an extra number of cases when he got back.

With a crowd he would quickly get to be a pain in the neck, he was so full of high spirits, but get him by himself talking about the children, and you forget that alligator belt with his initials M.E. on a gold buckle. He had an inferiority hidden away inside him that must have taken a hundred generations to build up, but there wasn't any inferiority when he picked up a microscope or a sick kid.

We took a picnic to one of those islands where there's an old prison and the cockroaches spring at you as big as mice. Mark was so excited about them he couldn't believe it; he caught one in an olive bottle and took it back to his hotel and dissected it up with a razor blade to see what it was all about.

I knew in a way that I was going to see him again because he could teach me a lot, but I thought it was good for his soul to stall a while and I wouldn't give him any address. What's furthermore I thought likely I'd run into him somewhere along upper Broadway. He gave me his card. "Any time you get paralysed," he said, "call me up."

What I liked, he had something to work for that was worth it. I think of that when I go down to visit Mac and Martha and see little Kitty sprawled out asleep in bed. What's wonderful is to have something besides yourself. Maybe these White Collar Girls, business sharecroppers Molly calls us, who've been through it and learned what to do without, wouldn't make such bad wives after all. Learning to do without things is the only weapon we've got.

It was a long time till I saw Mark again. To be honest I guess I forgot his existence except for a snapshot someone took on that boat, his shoes showed up strong. I had plenty to think about. After Pearl Velour left, and Delphine not in such good health, I found myself practically running the office. It began to look as though anyone in the cosmetic business had no private life at all, and the Government was making things stiff with a lot of new restrictions.

Mr. Detaille didn't have so much time for swinging Indian clubs; he was busy reckoning figures. It was certainly a wallop when he worked it out that our distribution costs

Kitty Foyle

Continued from page 4

were seventy-two per cent, of factory value and nearly fifty per cent, of retail value. Cost of production was about sixty-six per cent, of factory value, not even reckoning Mr. Detaille's breakage with club-swinging. There's not much margin there.

Delphine went to Washington once in a while to talk things over with some official at the Treasury; she always wore the Olympia for those visits, but that man must have had hay fever, it didn't seem to do any good. She came back very depressed.

I didn't take much time for lunch, and sometimes to get away from perfumery I'd stop in at a quick eat on Sixth Avenue and read the paper while I had a sandwich. Everybody there looked so hard-run it cheered me up. I didn't figure out at first what made the place look queer; then I noticed it was because all the men sat with their hats on. The chewing made their hats ride up and down; you would almost feel seasick if you watched it too long.

One day I saw a brown plush fedora that demanded attention, and sure enough it was Mark Elsen. He was so pleased and respectful, and I was feeling solitary; I couldn't very well avoid him walking back as far as the office with me. It seemed to give him a great kick when he learned what line I was in.

"And I thought all the time you were taking people's temperatures in Philadelphia." After that my phone bell began to ring on Riverside. Reminds me of the call I got from his nice old mother. She rang up, said Mark talked so much of me and wouldn't I come to their apartment Saturday afternoon. I went, and was treated as if I were a member of the family.

Mark takes things differently from me. He's crazy about books; even got me started reading some of his favorites but I watch myself not to get carried away. I can find out about things without having it in print. Poetry though, that's something else again. There's something there if I had time to figure out the language. It says things the way you feel them. If I could have maybe a week at Pocono, sunshine and swimming and a blanket in front of the fire and Wynn to read some to me I'd know what it was about even if he didn't, poor darling. I could even tell him some of it.

It's no use asking Mark to read to you; he's too eager to get to the end.

It is all right to be thinking these things to myself; maybe the last time? There's a moon over the river, as big and shiny as a gold watch. It's so beautiful maybe it would teach me to quit thinking about me. Does everybody torment themselves that way?

I guess you never get really happy except by thinking more about other people. I think I was nearest what's true for me when Wynn and I were loving each other, but naturally that sort of thing is too sweet to last. It's not a regular part of life but just something that lights on to it once in a while. Where danced the moon on Monan's rill. Maybe there's some way I can get closer to what's true for everybody.

It's kind of exciting to be learning things the way you know every other person in the world always had to.

Nobody knows what she really believes. You've got to guess at it by how you find yourself acting.

I got a new alert on Mark the week after he and I took a walk up Riverside. I invited him up to the apartment for a drink, and of course I offered him to go in the bathroom to wash while I was breaking up ice cubes. I went in the bathroom afterward to drink up a little and I saw he hadn't used the embroidered guest towels I put out. Naturally I wouldn't mention it, but after we had a highball he said, "I guess I made a faux pas; I meant to rumple up one of those guest towels, just for good manners."

"It was a kindly thought," I said, "but what's the idea?"

"I couldn't help taking one you'd used yourself; it smelled so sweetly of you."

It was rather dear, the way he said it. I was almost embarrassed. Kind of ashamed, too, because somehow I didn't like the idea of those big blue cheeks in my face towel. Some skins are just different, and what are you going to do about it? Delphine says, "c'est une question de peau." She's got me so I can almost talk French when there aren't any French people listening.

It made me think though. I guess it really is good for a woman to be loved, or anyway admired. I started a little spark shining down inside me, somewhere that hadn't had a glimmer in ever so long. Poor Mark. He admires me in such a mixed-up way.

But can you marry a man just because you're so interested in work he's doing? But maybe you'd marry because you do enjoy using the same towel.

Please turn to page 18

The Modern Wife



takes
**Beecham's
Pills**



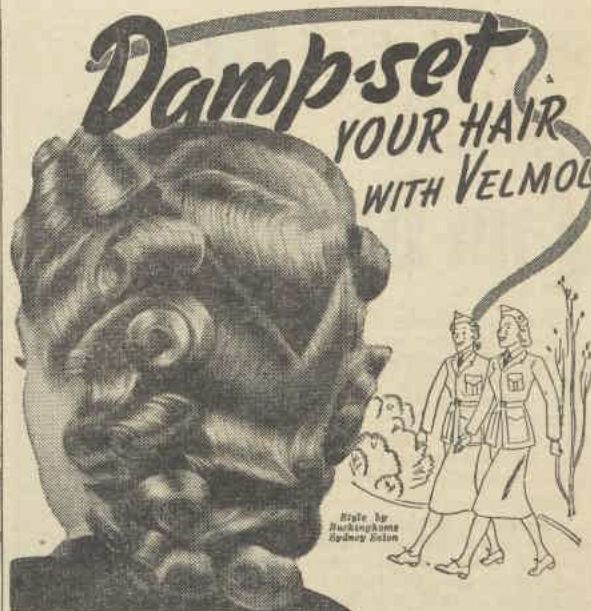
Like her Mother and Grandmother before her the modern young wife keeps healthy and happy by taking Beecham's Pills. And so her complexion is clear and unblemished. Her breath is sweet. She avoids sick headaches, biliousness and digestive upsets. The happiness of youth shines from her eyes.

Worth a Guinea a Box

The Australian Women's Weekly—Notice to Contributors

Manuscripts and pictures will be considered. A stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed if the return of the manuscript or picture is desired. Manuscripts and pictures will only be received at sender's risk, and the proprietors of The

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HAIR STAYS PERFECT ALL DAY LONG!

Yes, definitely, the way to manage your attractive modern hair-do is damp-setting—Hollywood's hair secret! A damp-set with VELMOL is perfect on any hair... to keep any hair-style looking its very best—in any conditions.

JUST 3 STEPS! 1. Run a wet comb through your hair to damp it. 2. Brush through a few drops of VELMOL. 3. Arrange with fingers and comb just as you like it best.

Instantly your wave revives. Hair gleams... silky soft, natural looking... stays perfectly in order... without greasy or "stiff" look. Works perfectly on any hair—any wave. Ask for VELMOL—from chemist, store or hairdresser.

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney



HE who laughs LAST



"By Jove! What a long and lanky girl that is over there."
 "Hush! She used to be long and lanky, but nowadays she's tall and stately. She's just inherited £20,000."



FATHER: Didn't I tell you if you wagged it from school again I'd settle with you?
 SON: Yes, but I thought you were only joking, same as when you told the grocer you'd settle with him.



RIFLE INSTRUCTOR: Do you know where you're aiming at?
 NEW RECRUIT: No, sir, I'm a stranger to this district.



MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead

"Don't be ridiculous, Mopsy, we can't afford to buy you a horse."
 "But couldn't we get a second-hand one cheap?"



NURSE: You're not so hot.
 PATIENT: You're nothing out of the box yourself!

85,000 NEW HAIRS GROWN!

1500 TRIAL TREATMENTS for Distribution



THE ageing effect of baldness upon one's appearance could not be more strikingly depicted than in these pictures.

WHAT MURCHISON DISCOVERED ABOUT HAIR.

It does not matter, if your hair is falling out, if you are fast going bald—or what you have tried. You have not used the RIGHT method. Hundreds of people who had tried all kinds of "tonics" found their hair falling out in handfuls, and were fast going bald. But now their hair is thick and lustrous—thanks to the important discovery that—

TONICS WILL NEVER GROW HAIR

THEY never have—because it is impossible while the scalp remains in a choked condition. There is one underlying principle that stimulates New Hair Growth—that principle is involved in the New Murchison Treatment. It's a new way—entirely different, and successful. It approaches baldness, falling hair, etc., from a new angle. With it you can stop your hair troubles overnight, or it won't cost you one penny! POST COUPON AT ONCE!

"Hair Growing Like Wildfire"

"I COULD have told you after one application that your treatment would certainly grow hair. It has completely changed the colour of my hair; it has turned it from its dry, dead, straw-looking colour back to its original shade of brown, and now after about three weeks' use, I have a lot of new hair growing all over my head. It's growing like wildfire. I mention that I never gave your treatment a very fair go either."—K. J. Reynolds, M., N.S.W.

SEND NO MONEY

J. KELSO MURCHISON, DEPT. 5, WAYNE HOUSE, CLARENCE ST., SYDNEY.

NAME
 ADDRESS
 7/6/41.

Brainwaves

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

"HOW did you discover that the front mudguard on your car is detachable?"
 "Entirely by accident."

"I DAREN'T tell my wife lies. She's a medium, you know."
 "Neither dare I. Mine's a heavy-weight."

"YES, my son, I'm a self-made man."
 "Gee, Dad, that's what I like about you. You always take the blame for everything."

FOREMAN: How is it your pal Smith always carries two planks while you carry only one?
 Workman: Smith is too lazy to make two journeys.

A COMMERCIAL traveller held up by a storm in the country wired his firm: "Marooned by storm. Wire instructions."
 The answer came back promptly: "Start holidays as from yesterday."

BROWN arrived home in a bad temper. "Hang it," he roared, "dinner not ready yet? I shall go out to a restaurant."
 "Can't you wait ten minutes?" asked his wife.
 "Will it be ready then?"
 "No, but I'll be ready to come with you."



—And NO Increase in Price!

Great news, indeed, for the housewife! 9 Pads of "JEX" instead of 5, without any addition to the cost per packet!! The quantity of Steel Wool supplied per packet is substantially greater, and each Pad can be used down to the last fragment. So, to-day, anyone can afford "JEX"—and on one can afford to be without it.

THE HOUSEHOLD CLEANER WITH 101 USES

Not only Aluminium, but Copper, Brass, Iron, Crystal and Glassware, Woodwork and Linoleum, the Bath, the Sink are quickly and easily cleaned with "JEX," which can be used with any household soap.

"JEX" costs only A FEW PENCE PER PACKET.

"Jex"

If "JEX" is unobtainable locally, write for FREE SAMPLE to JEX PTY. LTD., 450 Collins Street, Melbourne.



Scientific HALF-HEAD Tests prove New Shampoo

Thousands Hail Glorifying Action



- Proved these 4 Amazing Advantages:
1. Reveals up to 33% more lustre.
 2. Leaves hair silkier, smoother.
 3. Helps make "perms" faster, safer.
 4. Keeps hair's elasticity.

TESTS SHOW THRILLING DIFFERENCE: LEFT—Soap-washed hair. Hair dulled by "alkali-ism." RIGHT—Colinated-washed side. Hair shining, silky-bright.

Half the hair washed with Colinated foam—the other half with a fine soap, or a powder shampoo, so nothing effected results except the shampoos themselves.



Helps "Perms" Take Faster
In every case, Colinated foam-washed hair requires less shampooing time (often as much as 10% less) under the wave machine to take a lovely wave.



This revolutionary Colinated foam is not a soap, not an oil. Yet changes instantly into a magic-cleansing bubble-foam that washes away grease, dirt and loose dandruff more completely than anything you've ever known! No lemon or vinegar rinses needed, for there is no "soap scum" or oily residue to remove! Make a test yourself—shampoo your hair with Colinated foam... and thrill to your hair's new loveliness! Ask your chemist, store or hairdresser for Colinated foam Shampoo (costs less than 4d. a shampoo).

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd. — Sydney.

Did you ever hear of anyone daring to make such a conclusive test on a shampoo!

A "show-down" test that proved this revolutionary new shampoo discovery gives almost unbelievable results... a triumph for this special, patented "Colinating" process... and the way it helps leave hair manageable right after washing.

In unique "half-head tests"—one side washed with Colinated foam and the other half of the hair with a fine soap. And look!... 1. The Colinated side, far more lustrous and shining. 2. Felt smoother and silkier. 3. Took better permanent waves, faster. 4. Hair retained more "spring"—fell back into more natural curl.

MARK'S so proud of me having a glamor job he'd most likely be tickled to have me keep on with it. A while, anyway. I'm proud of it, too. I hammered it right out of a bedroom and a school for brides. And sometimes I wouldn't care if all the complexion on Park Avenue turned into leather. The skin I like to see keep fresh and get color on is the kids' down at the hospital.

Yes, I know I'm obligated to Delphine and she's moved me along wonderfully. With bonuses I make 3000 dollars a year, and she wants to let me buy stock in the company. But I reckon I've given her full value, too. Nine years of it, nine whole Quaker calendars.

So much of yourself is locked up inside and you can't get it out when you want it. Molly was east lately; she comes to New York every once in a while to get advance dope on furniture trends. That was the first chance I had to show her the new apartment. I looked forward so to taking her round the neighborhood and explain everything that makes me feel like home. You work yourself into a place until you have your own special picture of it, and I thought how swell it would be to have her know about things.

I wanted Molly to get a good impression; she could take it back to Michigan Avenue with her the way I still see the buildings, white like wedding-cake at night, and smell the Congress Hotel. I guess I was tired after the office, or both of us were tired; I could feel I wasn't getting anything across. Likely it's no use trying. So often one or the other is tired, or worried about something or checking off how much time we have, the worst feeling in the world.

Then we came up to the apartment and flopped ourselves down and perked some coffee, and when we quit trying to say things they began to come. Molly said how nice to see the old snow-storm again, the glass ball with the child on a sled.

"Little Girl on a Sleighride." I said. "She's had some bad spills, but still coasting."

Molly twirled it so the snow flew round inside. "Looks just the same, doesn't she? Things don't play fair."

"How do you mean?"
"They don't change, the way we do. What a memory they have, keep pulling you back. That's why I like the modern interiors, all bare and stripped and no sentimental bric-a-brac. They're not always reminding you of by-gones."

"Maybe I like to be reminded." I honestly do, if it isn't too soon afterwards. I took Molly to lunch in that outdoor place on Rockefeller

Plaza; the fountain makes a splash just like a waterfall; that and the birch-trees in tubs made me think of Pocono, but it didn't hurt.

Molly is almost as good as Wyn for funny things happening to you. We were getting in the subway to go out to the World's Fair and a whole crowd of boys in soldier cadet uniform came in, each one had a doughboy cap that said on it "Harrisburg Patriot." A man in the car shouted out, "What is it, a conquest?" I knew, having been to Harrisburg, the "Patriot" is a newspaper. It was probably all their subscribers; the paper was taking a day off.

I told Molly how Harrisburg was the first place Wyn and I ever went together. It's kind of sad when things don't hurt any more. I certainly hang onto old Molly, because while there's things I don't tell her I can tell her enough. She gets the idea. She speaks of Fedor once in a while, how he's proceeding on his short-wave radio treatment.

It would be funny if we both married a doctor. Mark says I should because the snake on my ring is the symbol of medicine, but I told him if so it's only a coincidence. Of course he's curious about it, the way he is about everything. As a matter of fact Wyn told me a snake eating its own tail is a sign of eternity.

OH, my sweet, was I unworthy of you? Maybe I should have told you, waited for you that day at Snorty West Forty. Should I have kept you and taken you away from the paper dolls? How does a person learn to be worthy of love, big and patient enough for it? She gets too full of nerves. We could have learned, worked it out together. But I guess you're doing what you were meant to. Wyn, are you all right?

I wanted you to have beauty, not just be comfortable and amused and such a charming host.

Don't be hard on the paper dolls. Wyn, my poor dear, have you forgotten about everything else? I hope so. It's a good kind of life, it's clean and healthy and solid too. Even come the revolution it'll take some licking. There'll always be a Main Line everywhere; like our little snake, it's a sign of eternity. I bet eternity is just not to be thinking.

It's good to have a person call your attention to something you're so used to you almost forgot thinking about it. I mean the glass snow-

storm ball. Molly's back in Chicago and I take the glass ball and give it a whirl. In spite of all the baby blizzards that's been round her, Little Girl on a Sleighride settles down clear and quiet. It's kind of intelligible to start up a storm and say to myself while it blows white I just won't think; I'll wait till it clears and then see what I find myself thinking.

What a swell time it's been for being alive. Molly, all of us kids have lived through a whole revolution already and even if it's been tough at least we knew something was happening. Some people didn't even guess; they don't tumble to it yet. I bet I was wrong when I told myself it had been ugly. Well, sure, I bet history always was temperamental when it was happening. But they lived through it, didn't they?

Some of them always did. So will we, some of us, even if they tear the world in pieces. If the whole dollar system goes buttsprung we can still barter, or we'll dig and spin and raise vegetables. Matter of fact the Main Line could be good at that. I bet a horse that could ride to hounds could ride to potatoes, or however potatoes are made.

Everybody has his own way of reaching for it; it's a big error to think you're the only one who's doing the thinking. I bet everybody has that same feeling. Now I'm alive, how grand it is and it's passing every moment.

You don't mind thinking these things to yourself. Nobody is ashamed when she's alone. How would you get in the world more of the kind of people that you can feel alone with? I wonder if I could teach Mark not to tell me more than I can listen to.

Mark says I'm so cautious. Wary, I guess was the word he used. Me! It's not the way I want to be. Which day's child is it that's loving and giving. What I mean, a woman loves most where she gives most. She loves you for letting her give. A person wants to give everything. It would be awful if Mark acted grateful; sort of "I certainly do appreciate this."

I wouldn't want anybody to feel there was a kind of social significance in my loving them, or be too earnest about it.

I can't go on giving him the run-around. It's not right.

I always wanted so for things to be beautiful. One person by herself, there's so little you can do, except for the kids.

Mark said he'd call me to-day; he wants to hear what I think about his article on Socialised Medicine. He knows well, what some of them don't yet; doctors and everything else that's important will get to be socialised sooner or later. But that's only an excuse for phoning. What he really wants to know is something else, something that can't be socialised, something that's just K. Foyle herself and the way she feels about it.

I might go over and visit with Delphine; she and Mr. Detalle are always home Sundays. There's that memo to the Toilet Goods Association to check over. Besides it's always fun to watch Pful try to dig his nails into the slippery floor.

Mark said he'd call, but if I got out before the bell rings? He's always hurt if I don't say darling. He says "You don't greet me, darling. Is it an argument?"

They must have possibilities or they couldn't be so sensitive.

Well, I can say darling without committing myself to anything. Darling is only politeness nowadays. Dearest is what I couldn't say unless by accident.

I bet that's him now. What will I tell him?

"Hello, darling!"

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ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

HARRY FALLS FLAT



BY TRADE A PRINTER, HARRY HEWETTS WAS ALSO GOOD AT PLAYING DUETS.



BUT 'PRINTERS' HANDS' MADE PARTNERS SHY TILL SOLVOL HE WAS URGED TO TRY.



AND NOW A MUCH-RESPECTED GUEST HARRY IS IN GREAT REQUEST.

His case is typical and shows What every Solvol-user knows

Don't let work-stained hands give a wrong impression of you! Toilet soap won't shift embedded dirt—but Solvol will. Its thick, clean-scented lather seeps into the pores and creases—moves sludge and caked grime in seconds!



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Zebro goes to work instantly, it cleans and polishes in one simple operation. One minute your stove is drab and dull, the next it simply shines back at you. With Zebro, stoves and grates are polished quickly, easily, no fuss, no mess, no waste. Use Zebro straight from the tin—just shake a little on a cloth or brush—then polish. Keep a tin of Zebro always handy for quick touch-ups. Get Zebro from your Grocer.



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Also ZEBRA in Paste and Packets

End Rheumatism While You Sleep

If you suffer sharp stabbing pains, if joints are swollen, if your blood is poisoned through faulty kidney action. Other symptoms of Kidney Disorders are Backache, Aching Joints and Limbs, Headaches, Neuritis, Lumbago, Getting up Nights, Dizziness, Nervousness, Itching, Burning, Itching Passages, Loss of Energy and Appetite and Frequent Headaches and Colds, etc. Ordinary medicine can't help much because you must get to the root cause of the trouble.

The Cystex treatment is especially compounded to soothe, tone and clean raw, sore, sick kidneys and bladder and remove acids and poisons from your system safely, quickly and surely, yet contains no harmful or dangerous drugs. Cystex works in 3 ways to end your troubles.

1. Starts killing the germs which are attacking your kidneys, bladder and urinary system in two hours, yet is absolutely harmless to human tissue.
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3. Strengthens and rejuvenates the kidneys, protects from the ravages of disease-attack on the delicate filter organ, and stimulates the entire system.

Praised by Doctors, Chemists, and One-time Sufferers

Cystex is approved by Doctors and Chemists in 75 countries and by one-time sufferers from the troubles shown above. Mr. Reg. Thomas, Townsville, Queensland, recently wrote: "My joints were all stiff, I had leg pains, my back used to ache day and night, my bladder was weak, I had headaches and no appetite. The first dose of Cystex helped me and before I finished three boxes my health and strength came back."

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Get Cystex from your chemist today. Give it a thorough test. Cystex is guaranteed to make you feel younger, stronger, better in every way, in 24 hours and to be completely well in 1 week or your money back if you return the empty package. Act now! Now in 2 sizes—1/10, 1/2, 1/4.

This is a **GUARANTEED Cystex** Remedy for Your Kidneys, Bladder, Rheumatism

THE GENUINE 3-IN-ONE OIL



Now only
1/4

Cleans, lubricates, prevents rust

Women also Serve..

They make bullets for A.I.F. to fire



MISS KATHLEEN TUCKER is one of a small group of mathematically-minded girls who measure gauges used throughout the factory.

An army of women marches daily into the factories of Australia to forge the munitions needed by our fighting men. It's an army as vital to victory as the A.I.F.

In a small arms ammunition factory near Melbourne, alone, more than 2000 women are working three shifts a day.

In enormous echoing workshops, with their orderly disorder of a colossal modern plant, these women work skillfully to the tune of rowdy power machines.

They handle all the 33 operations necessary to turn out complete cartridges as well as several others required to pack them in their thousands.

This factory is also the training ground for picked girls from other States who come there to learn the vital tasks of munition making.

The women operatives wear dark-blue overalls with fawn neckbands and neat blue caps with fawn turnbacks.

Group system

THEY are divided into three groups. Two groups work alternate shifts, one week from 6.12 a.m. till 3 p.m., the next from 3 p.m. till 11.25 p.m., while the third group works from 7.30 a.m. till 5 p.m.

Juniors are paid according to age, but adults receive the basic wage of £2/12/- when they are first taken on the payroll.

When they learn their particular machine they go into piecework. Average earnings are £4 a week.

Forewoman in charge of small arms women operatives is Miss Ann McLaren, slim, smiling, grey-haired. She joined the factory in the last war, has seen it through the piping days of peace when some of the machines now turning out cartridge cases were making nothing more dangerous than lipstick containers.

Miss Agnes Firth, one of the four sub-forewomen, has 26 years of service behind her. She joined up in 1914. There is not much she doesn't know about the machines, or the girls who work them.

"They are a keen, hard-working lot," she said.

They must take their pleasure in small doses. Those who work at night can't go out to dances and pictures, and those who work in the daytime find they have to get to bed early pretty often.

Girls from far and near, girls from all kinds of peacetime jobs, and girls who have never worked before are toiling here.

There are several pairs of sisters on the strength. As far as possible, they are drafted to the same shift.

For instance, there are the Paulin



Misses—Jess, who works a finishing press, and Jean, who handles a turning machine.

A tiny, curly-headed pair, they came nearly 200 miles from Wyche-proof to do this job, and their parents came down, too, to make a home for them.

Asked why they did it, they merely said, "Well, we've got two brothers in the A.I.F."

Then there is Violet Andrews, who lives at Armadale, and gets up at 5 a.m. to catch a train at 5.30 and start work at her head-turner at 12 minutes past 6.

Before the war she worked up a good connection as a free-lance chauffeur.

As for Eleanor Norton, who spends 8 hours a day feeding cartridge cases to an almost human autogauge that measures them five different ways in one operation, she used to run her own farm in Tasmania, and knows all about sheep, cows and potato growing.

Nearby is smiling Mary Harris. She is an old hand, who left the factory 15 years ago to be married. War brought her back again.

In the fuse shop most operations are handled by men, but a group of women "burrers" armed with files, emery paper, etc., remove any rough edges from fuses.

Some hundreds of other women sit all day at long, felt-covered tables examining and measuring component parts of fuses for different types of shells.

In the clinical quiet and whiteness of the lofty, skylighted gauge room, seven girls do another vital job.

They spend eight hours a day measuring gauges for use in the production of ammunition.

Qualifications for this job are a school Leaving Certificate and a mathematical mind. One seventeen-year-old newcomer earns 37/6 a week. The others earn anything up to £4/10/-.

Girls who must keep their wits about them are those who work in the cap factory, charging, sealing, varnishing, drying and finally inspecting the primer caps for use in the base of cartridge cases.

They are handling highly-sensitive explosives, and they work under special rules and regulations.

The cap factory is a "clean area." All who enter must change into leather shoes without any metal about them. They must leave matches, cigarettes and any metal belongings outside.

Anne Greenham, in charge of highly-trained youngsters who finally examine the primer caps before they pass out of the cap factory altogether, is a veteran at 22. She has been on the job for seven years.

Bronchial COUGH



Just a Few Sips—and
Like a Flash—Relief!

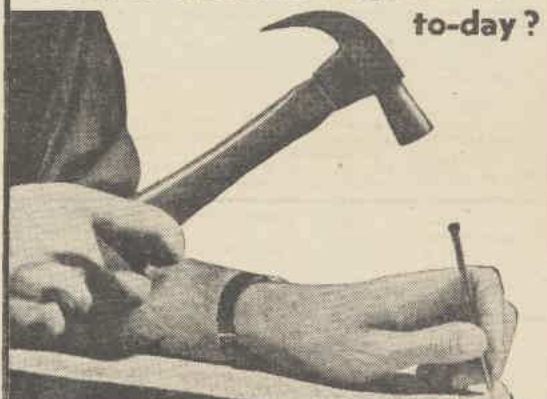
You can get to-day at any chemist or store a bottle of Buckley's CANADIOL Mixture (triple acting) — by far the largest-selling cough medicine in all of blizzard-cold Canada — take a couple of doses and sleep sound all night long. . . One little sip and the ordinary cough is "on its way" — continue for 2 or 3 days and you'll hear no more from that tough old hang-on cough that nothing seems to help.

A SINGLE SIP PROVES IT

Buckley's CANADIOL MIXTURE

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney

Did you MACLEAN your teeth to-day?



★?!★ — I never miss!!



MACLEANS makes yellow teeth white.

MACLEANS leaves the mouth clean, refreshed, antiseptic.

MACLEANS tones up the gums . . . makes them firm, hard and healthy.

1/- and 1/6
PER TUBE



At Chemists,
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Safe for Baby's Skin



The trade-mark Vaseline is your assurance that you are getting the genuine product of the Chasebrough Manufacturing Company.

Can't Sleep?

Drugs won't do—

You need these New Concentrated Nerve-Strengthening Tablets.

Don't drug and dope yourself to sleep... Get at the cause of your sleepless nights—run-down nerves due to worry and strain. Read how Mr. R. A. Hart, of 4 King Edward St., Rockdale, N.S.W., gained peaceful sleep without drugs. He writes: "I am a returned soldier who has undergone 30 major operations for war wounds. My nerves were completely run down and I could not sleep. I have taken one bottle of Phosphated Iron and now I can sleep without any drugs. I am feeling a new man already."

Phosphated Iron is a scientific combination of organic iron, phosphorus and other special nerve-tonic ingredients concentrated in easy-to-take tablets. It restores, calms and strengthens jumpy, weak and run-down nerves. Quickly builds fresh reserves of nerve force.

Decide now to build up your nerves and end the worry and torture of sleepless nights. Ask your chemist to-day for Phosphated Iron.

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

PRIVATE VIEWS

By The Australian Women's Weekly Film Reviewer

★★ VICTORY

(Week's Best Release.)

Freddie March, Betty Field. (Paramount.)

FREDRIC MARCH and Betty Field are starred in this version of Joseph Conrad's strange, tense drama of brooding menace in a Dutch East Indies jungle paradise. It is mainly a study in character.

March portrays the cynic Heyst, who determines to live alone on an island to get away from the civilisation which he hates.

But when desperately unhappy stranded English girl Betty Field begs him to take her with him, March reluctantly consents.

They are followed to their island by a murderous trio who are after a fortune Heyst is supposed to be concealing.

Outstanding in the cast are Sir Cedric Hardwicke as the gaudy killer and Jerome Cowan as his bloodthirsty Cockney assistant.

The film follows the book faithfully. Like all Conrad's writings, it emphasises the settings and characters rather than the action. Youthful Betty Field gets one of the best dramatic opportunities of the year. —Capitol and Cameo; showing.

★ TWO-FISTED SHERIFF

Charles Starrett, Barbara Weeks. (Columbia.)

THE "two-fisted sheriff" of this Western, which is based on a Peter B. Kyne novel, is the incredibly waxworks Charles Starrett.

When a rancher is found dead, sheriff Charles' best friend (Bruce Lane) is seen near the scene with a gun. As Bruce has been courting the rancher's daughter (Barbara Weeks) against her father's wishes, Charles is forced to arrest him.

There's no romance in it for the hero, which is the one unexpected angle to the plot. Still, I can't understand how the girl could have preferred Lane to Charles. —Haymarket-Civic; showing.

Our Film Gradings

- ★★★★ Excellent
- ★★★ Above average
- ★ Average
- No stars — below average.

★ A SHOT IN THE DARK

William Lundigan, Nan Wynn. (Warners.)

HERE'S another mystery thriller with a reporter as hero. This one, breezy William Lundigan, specialises in crime stories, and goes in for amateur sleuthing as a sideline.

Ricardo Cortez, nightclub-owner, is blamed by the police for the murders of his ex-girl friend (Luella Carroll) and a racketeer.

Regis Toomey, detective, doesn't agree with his less quick-witted colleagues. With Lundigan, he sets out to prove Cortez innocent.

Mystery, drama, and adventure are combined in this story. But I am becoming very tired of the clever young reporter who beats the police to the news. —Haymarket-Civic; showing.

★ THE GREAT TRAIN ROBBERY

Bob Steele, Claire Carleton. (Republic.)

THIS adventure-thriller, which takes its title alone from the historic Edison film made in 1903, deals with the bold and cunning theft of a train, including passengers and shipment of gold.

Bob Steele plays an honest young railroad detective detailed to guard this gold, while Milburn Stone is his outlaw brother who perpetrates the great train robbery.

This film should please the youngsters, for it has its quota of thrills and adventure. Best-known of the cast is Monte Blue, who plays police superintendent. —Capitol and Cameo; showing.

Shows Still Running

★★★ Philadelphia Story. Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, James Stewart in delightful modern comedy. —Liberty, 8th week.

★★ Kitty Foyle. Ginger Rogers, Dennis Morgan in appealing



ALICE FAYE and her new husband, band-leader Phil Harris, photographed in Hollywood the day after they returned from their surprise elopement to Ensenada, Mexico.

adaptation of Christopher Morley's best seller. —Regent; 4th week.

★★★ Strike Up the Band. Judy Garland, Mickey Rooney in delightful college musical. —St. James; 3rd week.

★★ Under Your Hat. Cicely Courtneidge, Jack Hulbert in joyous English farce. —Embassy; 6th week.

★★ Hudson's Bay. Paul Muni, Gene Tierney in absorbing adventure of early Canada. —Century; 5th week.

★★ Nice Girl! Deanna Durbin, Franchot Tone in delightful comedy musical. —State; 4th week.

★★ Sailors Three. Tommy Trinder, Claude Hulbert in lighthearted English farce. —Lyceum, 3rd week.

★★ Road to Zanzibar. Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, Dorothy Lamour in

joyous comedy. —Prince Edward; 2nd week.

★★ That Certain Something. Megan Edwards, Howard Craven in Australian comedy-drama. —Mayfair; 2nd week.

★ Kit Carson. Jon Hall, Lynn Bari in spectacular pioneering adventure. —Plaza; 2nd week.

New Under-arm Cream Deodorant safely Stops Perspiration



1. Does not rot dresses—does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly stops perspiration for 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration.
4. A pure white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Laboratory tests prove ARRID is entirely harmless to any fabrics.

15 MILLION jars of Arrid have been sold. Try a jar today!

ARRID

2/- a jar. Also in 4/- jar.

All Chemists and stores selling toilet goods. Distributors: Farnett & Johnson Ltd., Sydney.

Here's hot news from all studios!

From JOHN B. DAVIES in New York and Barbara Bouchier in Hollywood

AUSTRALIAN Mary Maguire is starring in "You Can't Escape Forever," Warners' drama which has just been completed in England.

Its story deals with the capitulation of France.

It is Mary's first film since her marriage to Captain Gordon Canning two years ago. Her husband, an English fascist, was interned at the beginning of the war.

Mary's last film was "An Englishman's Home."

TWO actors on the set of "Hold Back the Dawn" sit in their canvas-backed chairs and admire each other. Charles Boyer admires Victor Francen, the great French character actor, who has been his idol from boyhood, while Francen thinks equally highly of Boyer.

MARRIED only seven months to Alexander D'Arcy, red-haired Arleen Whelan, who rose to fame when snatched from a beauty shop job, has separated from her husband.

UNIVERSAL has offered a reward for anyone who will return Marlene Dietrich's wedding dress, which is reposing at the bottom of the Sacramento River. A scene in "Flame of New Orleans" called for the gown to be dropped over the side of a fishing boat. It was loaded with seed pearls and promptly sank. As it cost £230 to make, Universal wants it back, as the pearls can be used again.

NANCY KELLY has hit upon a novel way to safeguard her marriage. In case of any disputes with her husband, Edmund O'Brien, she is going straight to a board of arbitration to see who is right. Announcing she had elected Bob Hope, Edgar Bergen and Jack Benny as "the board," Nancy says she will abide by their decision.

BETTE DAVIS is so delighted with the charm bracelet her husband has given her she can't resist dangling it before the eyes of all beholders. On the set of "The Bride Came C.O.D." I found her showing it to James Cagney. Obligingly she demonstrated it again for me. Dangling from a wide gold band are small cloisonne charms which open to hold perfumes.



Muscle-Tightener to mould your contours

For youthifying and firming the contours of face and throat, and for that double chin, there's nothing like Georgine Lactee (Muscle Tightener), 8/5. It's a tightening herbal balsam that penetrates the skin to work directly on relaxed muscles. Positively tightens without drying the skin. Imparts the clear-cut beauty of youth. Most effective after stimulating the skin with Eau Verte, 11/9. Ideal for dry skin, lined throat, sagging chin.

My booklet "BEAUTY FOR YOU" will be sent free, on application.

Helena Rubinstein

London Toronto New York

82 Castlereagh Street Sydney
And at all the smarter stores and chemists throughout Australia.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Wind blows up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, tired and weary and the world looks blue. Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes these good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else! 2/6

The Movie World

June 7, 1941

The Australian Women's Weekly

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From Cardsharp to Sob-sister to Centenarian

**BARBARA STANWYCK'S
AMAZING VARIETY OF
ROLES CULMINATES IN
SURPRISE CONTRACT**

THOSE of you who thought that on her marriage Barbara Stanwyck would gradually slide into a contented obscurity and keep house for husband Robert Taylor for the rest of her life are very much mistaken.

Barbara's career has taken an unexpectedly brilliant turn—due to the star's own efforts (and the usual amount of luck).

It's all happened so swiftly that even Barbara is feeling dazed.

Early this year she made the Preston Sturges comedy, "Lady Eve," and charmed Hollywood first-nighters with her gay, glamorous, cardsharp heroine.

Right on top of this success came the chance for her to play the newspaper "sob-sister" in the Frank Capra-Gary Cooper drama, "Meet John Doe." Academy-award winning Capra produced "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town" and "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington."



FROM then on it was a case of one good part leading to another.

Even as she was putting the finishing touches on "Meet John Doe" she began work on the Paramount technicolor adventure story, "Pioneer Woman."

Her new roles are amazingly varied. In "Pioneer Woman" she ages from a girl of sixteen to a woman of one hundred and ten years!

A fitting climax to her whirlwind personal drama, Barbara has just signed a three-year contract to make two pictures annually for Columbia.

I went along to interview Barbara on the set of "Pioneer Woman," where I found her undergoing the aging process.

In a few minutes make-up man Wally Westmore turned her into a wrinkled, unbelievably old woman.

The contrast between her appearance then and the last time I saw her—as the lovely, laughing "Lady Eve"—almost made me laugh out loud.

Barbara told me about the film. It's the life story of an intrepid pioneer woman in the early days of San Francisco. She likes "toughness" in her roles. That's why she likes this one.

She told me about her work in "Meet John Doe." She worked throughout the film without getting paid.

So sure was she of director Frank Capra's ability to "put the film over" that she preferred to take a percentage of the box-office receipts than receive a regular weekly salary.

It looks as though Barbara made a shrewd deal, as enthusiastic notices pile up for "Meet John Doe."

Barbara says she never had more fun in any role than as the heroine of "Lady Eve." In this one there are no fewer than seven separate slapstick scenes.



**By
JOAN McLEOD
in Hollywood**

● Striking new Paramount study of Barbara Stanwyck, the 34-year-old Mrs. Robert Taylor, whose career has taken a sensational new turn. Among her next pictures are the Frank Capra film, "Meet John Doe," the comedy, "Lady Eve," and "Pioneer Woman."

Just at that moment director William Wellman dashed across, examined her make-up with anxious care, then said, "That's O.K. for a centenarian. Go make up seventy years younger."

So while Wally Westmore went to work again on the patient Barbara we continued our chat. Her favorite actress is the late Jeanne Eagles. She always starts off imagining how she would play the part—and then she changes as she goes along.

Said Barbara: "It's a queer thing about movies. They begin anywhere. Never a performance straight; the whole thing is done piecemeal."

"At first—eleven years ago—I found it hard to snap back into the required mood. Then I caught on to the trick. You memorise the script

so you can think of any place in it, then work backward or forward from there."

In spite of the demands her career makes on her days, and evenings, too, Barbara still finds plenty of time to devote to her home life—and husband.



WITH Bob and little Dion, whom she adopted during her first marriage (to actor Frank Fay), Barbara lives a domestic sort of existence. She loves the outdoors, so they bought a ranch where she and Dion can go horseback riding, take long walks, and look after the chickens they are raising.

Barbara likes to dress in severely tailored clothes. She has dozens of

suits, all made of men's materials. On the farm she likes to wear riding-breeches, and little Dion is dressed just like her, in riding clothes of the same design.

The Taylors don't have a wide circle of friends, but are very fond of those they choose to see frequently. Their best friends are Jack Benny and his wife, Mary Livingstone, and also the Zeppo Marxes.

When Barbara gets a break everyone rejoices. Even in seething, competing Hollywood, where one person's gain means another person's loss, there is no resentment when this star scores a triumph. For Mrs. Robert Taylor is a good sport who came up from the ranks in the hard way, and doesn't pretend otherwise.

For a long time she had a strong aversion to Hollywood parties. That

was because in her early, difficult days in filmdom she had suffered the snubs of producers' wives and those who had "arrived." That was why, during the first year of her marriage with Bob, she continued to avoid the popular rendezvous and accepted few invitations.

In recent months, however, she has had a change of heart. Beautifully gowned, and sparkling with the inevitable rubies (her favorite stone), Barbara appears on the arm of Bob at Ciro's, the Mocambo, and other favorite spots of the movie stars. Her deep blue eyes are softer and happier, her laugh gayer.

And why shouldn't she be happy? She says she has the perfect husband, the perfect child, and now as a serious contender for the next Academy Award, a shining career.

DIETRICH...super siren

From
JOHN B. DAVIES
in New York



• In her new Universal film Marlene Dietrich makes her first appearance as a bride—in exquisite period gown of tulle and satin.

THIS NEW TREND TO SOPHISTICATION STEMS FROM THE EXOTIC MARLENE

THERE is a new screen boom for sophisticated sirens. Former demure, "fresh as a breath of spring" girls are hurriedly changing type, while the established women of the world are out to prove themselves even more pulsatingly alluring.

Leader of the current phase is Marlene Dietrich, who has contributed in no small way to the fashion for false eyelashes, spectacular hair-do's, and dramatically husky voices.

Her exotic "Flame of New Orleans" personality excels all her previous efforts.

In this film, as a counterfeit countess of the forties, Dietrich wears eyelashes two inches long, incredible coiffures—one starkly plain, one devastatingly coquettish—and a wardrobe of wickedly flattering period gowns that are fabulous confections of feathers, lace, and gleaming satin.

Marlene can get away with even such extravagances. Other stars are going in for sophisticated glamor in a more modified degree.

Latest to succumb among the younger players is Arleen Whelan. Discovered four years ago, while earning her living as a manicurist in a beauty shop, Arleen was given a contract and starred in "Kidnapped."

A typical ingenue with large blue eyes and fluffy red hair, she was forgotten in the shuffle of new types. To-day executives of Twentieth Century-Fox are raving over her again—the new sophisticate.

Olivia de Havilland proved she could be provocatively flirtatious in "Strawberry Blonde."

Heartily sick of sugary ingenue parts, which have been her lot since she first came to Hollywood, Olivia will be a vamp in her next picture, "This Our Life."

Following on her success in the aviation drama "I Wan' Wings," Paramount has decided to make tiny platinum-haired Veronica Lake into a second Jean Harlow. Capitalizing on her likeness to the late

star, the studio has cast her in a strictly blonde-dynamo role in "Blonde Venus."

Then, of course, there is Irish Maureen O'Hara, who has turned her back on serious-eyed dramatic heroines to play the captivating Argentine beauty in "They Met in Argentina."

Even Garbo has made her concession to the new screen mood.

After jealously guarding that famous straight bob ever since she arrived in Hollywood, the "Great Garbo" has actually had her locks shorn, "permed," and dressed in the latest curled coiffure.

It's for her modern comedy role in MGM's "Anna and Anita."

Furthermore, Garbo has announced that for this film she must have a new dressmaker—an unheard-of procedure for this star, who had always before shown such little interest in her wardrobe that she has had to be forcibly led to her gown fittings.

Garbo has always worn Adrian creations as a matter of course. Now she feels a change might be good for her—which proves that this star is another who has become glamor-conscious.



• At thirty-eight the alluring Dietrich is still queen of glamor, and has contributed largely to the current swing to sophistication.



• On the set of "Flame of New Orleans" Dietrich discusses production details with producer Joe Pasternak. Note her oddly becoming "monk" hair-do—and those long eyelashes.

FOR LIPS THAT
STAY LOVELY LONGER

Jewel-bright Signal Red Colourfast Lipstick and Rouge, which is faithfully reproduced in this natural colour photograph, was chosen for perfect harmony with the exclusive model hat. To complete a trio of exotic Winter Reds, Cashmere Bouquet also presents Orchid Red and Royal Red, giving you a make-up colour range to harmonize with the new fashion shades.



Cashmere Bouquet Rouge gives the cheeks a natural glow that lasts the whole day long. For make-up harmony, match your Colourfast Lipstick with rouge at 2/-

Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder gives a lovely mat finish, without blanketing the natural skin texture. Your true colour is one of these smart and subtle new shades—Pêche, Sungold, Hawaiian Tan. In three sizes—Large 2/8d.—Regular 1/7d. and the handy Pursette 1/-

Cashmere Bouquet Colourfast Lipstick has a special oil base that makes it very easy to apply and gives the lips a smooth, satiny finish. Yet its true indelibility gives a clean-cut evenness of colour that does not smear or smudge. Colourfast Lipstick in a unique range of shades is 2/6

Cashmere Bouquet

Colourfast
LIPstick

EASY TO APPLY . . . TRULY INDELIBLE . . .
GIVES LIPS A SMOOTH SATINY FINISH



• Handsome John Carroll is MGM's current hope. After playing featured roles for years John has the singing lead opposite Eleanor Powell in the musical, "Lady Be Good."

This hectic search for NEW LEADING MEN

WHILE ACTRESSES TAP IMPATIENT HEELS,
THE STUDIOS CLAMOR FOR FILM HEROES

By BARBARA BOURCHIER in Hollywood

THE shortage of actors for romantic roles is acute. Talent scouts, signing up dozens of girls a year, find it well-nigh impossible to get their handsome brothers to sign on the dotted line.

At most of the studios the same situation prevails. While the feminine stars vie for the best parts, the screen Romeos rush from picture to picture, sometimes doing double duty by playing opposite two girls at once.

Take the case of James Stewart. While playing in "Ziegfeld Girl" he was also doing duty in "Come Live With Me."

At the same time Spencer Tracy was rushing from the set of "Men of Boys Town" to "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." Brian Aherne finished romancing with Kay Francis in "The Man Who Lost Himself" and immediately dashed from Universal to Paramount to play opposite Claudette Colbert in "Skylark."

Hectic indeed are the lives of the popular leading men, while the superfluous women stars hold up their productions in the vain hope of getting a favorite actor.

But leading men must be found somehow. With Richard Greene, Laurence Olivier, and Patric Knowles off to the war, and James Stewart in the United States army, the situation has become more desperate. In a frantic attempt to fill the ranks which are becoming depleted due to the present war crisis, the producers are putting as many young men as possible under contract in the hope that at least a few will become star material.

New hopes for studios

AT Warner Brothers there are several actors who have won their spurs in minor productions: Eddie Albert, Ronald Reagan, and William Lundigan. Paramount feels Surling Hayden is star material, also Robert Paige, while Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is building a bright future for John Carroll.

Universal and Republic share the services of Dennis O'Keefe, while Twentieth Century-Fox pins its hopes to Alan Curtis, George Montgomery, and Robert Lowery. Most of these young men are unfamiliar to film audiences, but it is their bosses' fervent prayer that they will be the male stars of the future.

Meanwhile, due to the shortage, a laughable situation has arisen.

"You lend me Gary Cooper and I'll let you have Fred MacMurray"



• Freelance star Cary Grant is in constant demand by the studios. Universal had to wait months before signing him for "Unfinished Business."

is the type of conversation heard between harassed executives these days, as the trading of male stars runs high. Lending their top-ranking leading men for fabulous prices, the studios are forced to borrow others at still higher rates, and so the old circle goes on.

Tyrone Power has commitments for the next three years.

If Cary Grant accepted, all the offers which came his way, he would still be behind schedule fourteen years from now. But Cary has learned to say "no," for he is a freelance player, and can do so. After acting with Rosalind Russell, Martha Scott, Irene Dunne, and Joan Fontaine, Cary is due for a vacation.

Robert Taylor and Clark Gable must carry the burden of supporting most of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's horde of feminine stars, assisted by Nelson Eddy, Melvyn Douglas, Spencer Tracy, and William Powell.

The life of a leading man is certainly a complicated one!

Lady Kinross nurses now...

—but despite long, tiring hours she keeps
her skin flawless with Pond's two creams



QUESTION TO LADY KINROSS:

Now you are so busy with war work, Lady Kinross, how do you find the time to take good care of your complexion?

ANSWER:

Nothing could be simpler than my complexion care! I use Pond's two creams regularly, and always take a supply with me wherever I go. I've no need to bother with anything else. They really work marvels — especially with a skin like mine which

is very sensitive.

QUESTION TO LADY KINROSS:

But surely, with such a sensitive, delicate complexion, Lady Kinross, you would need some very special and elaborate beauty treatment?

ANSWER:

I've found from experience that the simplest beauty care does most for my skin. Pond's two creams have done more to keep my complexion in good condition than any amount of expensive or elaborate beauty preparations.

THE WORLD'S LOVELIEST WOMEN
FOLLOW THE POND'S BEAUTY METHOD
It can bring YOU new loveliness

For thorough skin cleansing, use Pond's Cold Cream every night and morning and during the day whenever you change your make-up. Pat it on generously, leave it on a few minutes, then wipe it off with cleansing tissues. Pond's Cold Cream removes every bit of dust and stale make-up... keeps your skin flawlessly lovely. Then use Pond's Vanishing Cream as a powder base

and skin softener. This fluffy, delicate cream holds powder smoothly for hours, and it protects your skin from the roughening effects of sun and wind. Now here's an extra beauty tip. To make your skin stay soft and smooth, apply Pond's Vanishing Cream last thing at night before bed.

Sold at all stores and chemists in 1/1 tubes, 1/1 jars and generous 2/8 jars containing approximately 3 1/2 times as much. (Including Sales Tax.)



Lady Kinross is the wife of Baron Kinross. She is tall, very slender, blue-eyed, with dark hair and a flawlessly delicate complexion. Before the war, Lady Kinross studied painting in London and abroad. She has taken up nursing as her war work.

FREE! Mail this Coupon today with four 1d. stamps in a sealed envelope to secure postage, packing, etc. for free tubes of Pond's two Creams—Cold and Vanishing. You will receive also a sample of Pond's New Improved "Glow-Pond" Face Powder. Indicate shade wanted.

RACHEL	<input type="checkbox"/> ROSE	<input type="checkbox"/> BRUNETTE	<input type="checkbox"/> MONTAN
LIGHT CREAM	<input type="checkbox"/> NATURAL	<input type="checkbox"/> LIGHT NATURAL	
POND'S DEPT. (X52) A Box 1131 J. G.P.O., MELBOURNE.			
NAME _____			
ADDRESS _____			



1 **BELIEVING** RETIRED millionaire uncle (Butterworth) is penniless, naive Sis (Judy) invites him to her hillbilly farm.



2 **MOVED BY** her gesture, Hopkins persuades Sis to stay at his city home, to the dismay of snobbish daughter Carol (Susan Haywood).



3 **RETURNING TO COLLEGE** with Carol, the hoydenish Sis further antagonises her cousin by friendship with co-ed, Jeff (Bob Crosby).

4 **WHEN SIS** is starred in college musical, jealous Carol tricks her into "strip-tease" act, then reports to police.



5 **THE THEATRE** is raided and after a hectic chase the bewildered Sis is arrested, charged as "strip-tease" artist, and realises she must lose her star role in the show.



Grow Lashes & Brows in 30 days

In thirty days you can grow long, curling, silken lashes and perfect eyebrows by applying Le Charme Eyelash Grower.

PROVED By Thousands

No matter how scant your eyelashes, how indistinct your eyebrows, Le Charme Eyelash Grower will positively increase their length and thickness. Even in the first few days you will notice the promise of a beautiful silken fringe. If unsatisfactory locally, 3/6 post free from Le Charme, Dept. K, Box 22364, G.P.O., Sydney.

Le Charme

EYELASH GROWER

Permanent Hair Remover

Has on skin, cures red, etc. positively REMOVES and the ROOTS DESTROYED FOR GOOD. Satisfaction or money back guaranteed. If unsatisfactory locally, 6/- post free, from Le Charme, Box 22364, G.P.O., Sydney.

Judy's new contract

COMICAL hillbilly singer, Judy Canova, who scored a hit in the hastily-made "Scatterbrain" last year, reaches stardom in "Sis Hopkins," one of Republic's 1941 de luxe productions.

Judy, whose "Scatterbrain" success surprised Republic almost as much as it did Judy, has already begun on her third film, "Puddinhead," named for her dog, not Judy.

Sophisticate Francis Lederer will be her leading man.

Judy has signed a long-term contract with Republic, and is already working on plans for yet another film.

"Sis Hopkins" is a remake of a popular old hillbilly play which first appeared in American theatres forty years ago.

In 1919 Samuel Goldwyn produced a silent version in which Mabel Normand starred.

In "Sis Hopkins" the hillbilly lass is going to surprise you with her rendition of grand opera.

SIS HOPKINS



• Judy Canova in a typical madcap mood. Republic has selected Francis Lederer as Judy's lead in her film, "Puddinhead."

Results of authentic NATIONAL SURVEY conducted among Australian dentists

IPANA CHOSEN FOR DENTISTS' PERSONAL USE

3 to 1 OVER ANY OTHER DENTIFRICE!



Be guided by this overwhelming preference of those who know most about the proper care of teeth and gums . . . start using Ipana and massage today.

YES! — by more than 3 to 1 — these dentists have shown their preference for Ipana . . . the tooth paste specially designed not only to clean teeth thoroughly but, with massage, to help your gums to health.

Here are the findings of the recent survey independently conducted among dentists throughout the Commonwealth.

Three times as many dentists personally use Ipana as any other dental preparation — paste or powder. In fact, more than the next three dentifrices combined!

Start using Ipana yourself! Every time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. That invigorating "tang" — exclusive with Ipana and massage — means that gum circulation is being increased . . . helping gums to become firmer, healthier.

So, for healthier gums, brighter teeth, and a more attractive smile . . . begin now the helpful habit of Ipana and massage! Buy a tube at your chemist, to-day.

SEE YOUR DENTIST at least twice a year to enable him to discover and check any unsuspected dental defects.

GUARD YOUR SMILE WITH IPANA AND GUM MASSAGE!



Choice of a dentifrice calls for professional assistance. Ipana is sold by CHEMISTS ONLY. Regular Size 1/- — Super Size 2/-.



THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE
FOR QUALITY

THIN CAPTAIN

A plain cracker with the scalloped edge slightly raised for the practical purpose of holding savouries. Equally pleasant spread with butter, cheese, or jam. . . .



BUTTER NUT COOKIE

Here is an every-age cookie with a rich, fresh, butter flavour, blended deliciously with a nuttiness and crunchy crispness. Butter Nut Cookies are already in the front rank of popularity.



SPICY CRUNCH

This new biscuit, with its sweet, spicy flavour is quite distinctive. The specially-blended spices are combined with other toothsome ingredients so as to form a very delicious crunchy biscuit.



William Arnott Pty. Ltd., Homebush

Arnott's
FAMOUS
BISCUITS

Don't Delay—Help the Red Cross To-day!

ALWAYS ASK YOUR GROCER FOR ARNOTT'S — THEY ARE BETTER THAN EVER!



FASHION PORTFOLIO

June 7, 1941

The Australian Women's Weekly

27

CHINESE INFLUENCE

*exotic and
colorful . . .*



● Casually-draped frock of white sheer wool printed with huge multi-colored poppies and made like a kimono and topped with a swaggering little coolie coat.

● A sheath of a frock in pink crepe, with high mandarin neckline and climaxed with a swathed sash ending in a bunched bow at the back and green sleeves embossed with gold braid.

● Slinky, green wool jumper-frock, with split skirt that is almost an exact replica of the ones worn by the girls of the Orient. Gold braid done in Chinese motifs provides glitter.

● Over a column-slim frock a straight, boxy jacket that might have been filched from a Chinese emperor. Made of porcelain-blue wool with lame trim garnished with floss embroidery.



● Deep purple velvet turned up all round with a matching edge of crochet yarn. By Lilly Dache.



● South American inspiration for a bowl-shaped hat of pattery-red felt. The upturned brim is covered with layers of narrow grosgrain ribbon in Peruvian colors.

BE SLENDER...
IN THE GORGEOUS NEW

KAYSER "Warmees"

Guard your slender silhouette and glowing good looks with slim-fitting Kayser Warmees, that triumph over winter's worst! Cozy vests, knickers, bloomers, to cherish you by day... elegant nightgowns, dashing pyjamas, for bed-time bliss!... in down-soft cotton, silk-and-wool, and wool, including —

The Modern Miracle
"K-Shrunk"

Kayser is in the headlines with an amazing new process, "K-Shrunk," which makes wool, and silk-and-wool, lingerie so unshrinkable that you can WASH THEM HOW YOU PLEASE and they'll ALWAYS keep their shape, size, and soft texture. EVERY GARMENT CARRIES THE KAYSER GUARANTEE. Look for the Kayser "K-Shrunk" label.



Featured, Style No. 1185, in the new knitted cotton fabric Kay-Suede 16/11. Other Pyjamas from 11/6.

Definitely

I'M A ONE BRAND WOMAN NOW



● Off-the-face tricorne designed to wear with the pompadour hair-do. Made of brown felt, edged with matching grosgrain ribbon.



● Dashing topper in candy-pink with a huge feather flower to match. A shower of brown veiling envelopes the hat and falls over face.

TUNIC TREND...

THAT "long torso" look is the important silhouette news, so New York is reviving the sleek-fitting tunic styles. The four lovely models on this page were sketched by Petrov.



● The tunic line effectively used for a dressy afternoon suit in black sheer wool. The dramatic jacket is garnished with appliqued bands of the material. The tailored skirt enhances the slender new line.

● For evening wear a sensational long tunic in a light blue silk print patterned in black and white is posed over a slinky black foundation. The bodice is smartly crossed over and the tunic skirt is full and softly draped.

● Interesting new slacksuit. The slacks are smartly tailored in grey-green wool jersey, and the long, fitted sweater top in yellow, chartreuse, and grey. (Above.)

● Spectator sports frock with a slightly flared skirt and a trigonal tunic top. The skirt and yoke are in frosty-blue and the contrasting stripes in burgundy and deep blue. (Left.)

MY LAST GOOD STOCKINGS AND THERE GOES A LADDER!

WHY DOESN'T JUDY LUX US AFTER EVERY WEARING?

SHE'D CUT HER STOCKING BILLS IN HALF IF SHE DID!

PERSPIRATION ACIDS LEFT IN STOCKINGS OVERNIGHT WEAKEN THREADS, PREPARE THE WAY FOR LADDERS. LUX WHISKS AWAY THAT PERSPIRATION... RESTORES THE ELASTICITY... MAKES STOCKINGS LAST

LUX

use **LUX** for all fine washing... it contains no soda

A LEVER PRODUCT

Mary seemed destined to be a
"MAIDEN AUNT"
— BUT NOW SHE'S
A RADIANT MOTHER

LUCKY I CAN ALWAYS GET MARY TO MIND THE KIDS. SHE NEVER GOES OUT MUCH ANYWAY

GOOD OLD MARY! A HEART OF GOLD BUT...

MEANWHILE, MARY THINKS
I SUPPOSE MY FRIENDS THINK I LIKE MINDING THEIR CHILDREN! OH, WHY HAVEN'T I A HUSBAND AND FAMILY, TOO?

AUNT MARY, WHY DID DADDY TELL MUMMY THAT ADVERTISEMENT MEANT YOU? SHE JUST SAID SSH WHEN I ASKED HER

A LIFEBOUY ADVERTISEMENT — OH, NO! SURELY NOT...?

IMAGINE ME BEING GUILTY OF "B.O." I SEE NOW WHY EVERYONE SHOULD USE LIFEBOUY!

SOME TIME LATER
OH, ISN'T IT A LOVELY WEDDING? I CAN'T HELP CRYING...

HE'S A LUCKY FELLOW ALRIGHT! WONDER HOW OUR MARY GOT WISE ABOUT LIFEBOUY?

Those who offend are the last to know

Do you think "B.O." is something "other people" have? Honestly, would anyone tell you if you offended? There's only one way to be safe—use Lifebuoy regularly. Only Lifebuoy contains the unique health ingredient that combats the very cause of "B.O." Lifebuoy's lather is extra refreshing—and you get a generous sized tablet for your money.

Only LIFEBOUY keeps you safe!

A LEVER PRODUCT

W.1.1WW.

Say! This CARAMEL PASTRY ROLL is the goods!

It's as light and digestible as a sponge!

KEEP THIS RECIPE. YOU'LL WANT TO USE IT OFTEN

CARAMEL PASTRY ROLL
Light and digestible made with COPHA

4 ozs. (1 cup) Self-raising Flour
2 ozs. (2 tablespoons) COPHA (softened)
1½ tablespoons water

Mix all to a firm dough, roll out to oblong shape, spread with raspberry jam or sliced apple, and roll as for roly-poly. Place in greased pie dish. Pour the hot Caramel Sauce on top (see recipe below) and bake in a moderate oven ½ hour. Serve hot, with cream or custard if desired.

CARAMEL SAUCE
2 ozs. (1 cup) water
4 ozs. (½ cup) Brown Sugar
1 oz. (1 tablespoonful) COPHA

Put all ingredients in saucepan and bring to boil.

It takes COPHA—the all-vegetable shortening to make a pudding really digestible

You see, Copha is a special pure all-vegetable shortening. It has no greasy flavour of its own to spoil your other ingredients. And that means lighter, flakier puddings. They can't possibly give you a heavy feeling afterwards! You'll want to use Copha for dozens of dishes—so buy the economical 1-lb. size. It keeps fresh till you need it.

COPHA
PURE SHORTENING

Free
100 new and tempting recipes. Write to E.O.I., Dept. CR/W/W, Box 2425 EE, G.P.O., Sydney; Box 2447 W, G.P.O., Melbourne; Box 1879 W, G.P.O., Brisbane; Box 168-D, G.P.O., Adelaide; Box 186, P.O., Fremantle; Box 950, G.P.O., Hobart.

C.18.1WW

QUICKLY-KNITTED JACKET . . .

MATERIALS: P. and B. Blanket wool, 100z.; 1 pair No. 3 needles; 1 spare needle, No. 3; 1 crochet hook; 5 buttons.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 16½ inches; width all round at underarm, 34 inches; length of sleeve from underarm, 3½ inches.

Tension: To get these measurements it is absolutely necessary to work at a tension to produce 4 stitches to the inch in width.

BACK

Cast on 60 sts.

1st Row: K 1, * p 2, k 2, repeat from * to the last 3 sts., p 2, k 1.

2nd Row: K 1, * k 2, p 2, repeat from * to the last 3 sts., k 3.

Repeat the 1st and the 2nd rows once.

5th Row: K 1, * p 2, slip following 6 sts. on to the spare needle, take wool to the back of the work and wind the wool twice round these sts., take up these 6 sts. as follows: K 2, p 2, k 2 (these sts. will be termed twisted-sts. throughout). Repeat from * to the last 11 sts., p 2, twisted-st., p 2, k 1.

Work 5 rows in rib, increasing once at each end of the needle in the 2nd row.

11th Row: K 2, p 2, k 2, * p 2, twisted-st., repeat from * to the last 8 sts., p 2, k 2, p 2, k 2.

Work 5 rows in rib, increasing once at each end of the needle in the 3rd row.

Continue working in pattern as given from * to * increasing once at each end of the needle in the 7th and every following 8th row until there are 70 sts. on the needle.

Work 7 rows in pattern without shaping. Cast off 3 sts. at the beginning of each of the next 2 rows. Decrease once at each end of the needle in the next and every following 2nd row until 58 sts. remain.

Work 26 rows without shaping.

Shape for the shoulders as follows:

1st and 2nd Rows: Work in pattern to the last 7 sts., turn.

3rd and 4th Rows: Work in pattern to the last 14 sts., turn.

5th and 6th Rows: Work in pattern to the last 21 sts., turn.

7th Row: Work in pattern to the end of the row. Cast off.

RIGHT FRONT

Cast on 31 stitches.

1st Row: K 1, p 1, * k 2, p 2, repeat from * to the last stitch, k 1.

2nd Row: K 1, * k 2, p 2 repeat from * to the last 2 stitches, k 2.

Repeat the first and the second rows once.

5th Row: K 1, p 1 (twisted-stitch, p 2) 3 times, k 2, p 2, k 1.

Work 5 rows in rib increasing once at the end of the needle in the 2nd row.

11th Row: K 1, p 1, k 2 (p 2, twisted-stitch) 3 times, p 2, k 1.

Work 5 rows in rib increasing once at the end of the needle in the 3rd row.

Continue working in pattern as given from * to * increasing once at the end of the needle in the 7th and every following 8th row until there are 36 stitches on the needle.

Work 7 rows in pattern without shaping. Cast off 3 stitches at the

beginning of the next row. Decrease once at the end of the needle in the next and every alternate row until 30 stitches remain. Work 15 rows without shaping. Cast off 9 stitches at the beginning of the next row. Work 10 rows without shaping on the remaining 21 stitches.

Shape for the shoulder as follows:

1st Row: Work in pattern to the last 7 stitches, turn.

2nd Row: Work in pattern to the end of the row.

3rd Row: Work in pattern to the last 14 stitches, turn.

4th Row: Like the 2nd row. Cast off.

LEFT FRONT

Cast on 31 stitches.

1st Row: K 1, * p 2, k 2, repeat from * to the last 2 stitches, p 1, k 1.

2nd Row: * K 2, p 2, repeat from * to the last 3 stitches, k 3.

Repeat the 1st and 2nd rows once.

5th Row: K 1, p 2, k 2, (p 2, twisted-stitch) 3 times, p 1, k 1.

Work 5 rows in rib, increasing once at the beginning of the needle in the 2nd row.

11th Row: K 2, (p 2, twisted-stitch) 3 times, p 2, k 2, p 1, k 1.

Work 5 rows in rib, increasing once at the beginning of the needle in the 3rd row.

Continue working to correspond with the right front, working the shapings at the opposite end of the needle.

SLEEVES

Cast on 38 stitches.

1st Row: * K 2, p 2, repeat from * to the last 2 stitches, k 2.

2nd Row: K 1, p 1, * k 2, p 2, repeat from * to the last 4 stitches, k 2, p 1, k 1.

Repeat the 1st and 2nd rows once.

5th Row: K 2, (p 2, twisted-stitch) 4 times, p 2, k 2.

Work 5 rows in rib, increasing once at each end of the needle in the 1st and 5th rows.

11th Row: K 1, p 1 (twisted-stitch, p 2) 5 times.

Work 5 rows in rib, increasing once at each end of the needle in the 2nd row.

17th Row: K 1, p 2, k 2, (p 2, twisted-stitch) 4 times, p 2, k 2, p 2, k 1.

18th Row: K 1, * k 2, p 2. Repeat from * to the last 3 sts., k 2, p 1.

Continue working in pattern as given from * to *, casting off 1 stitch at the beginning of every row, until 12 stitches remain.

Cast off.

Work another sleeve in the same manner.

TO MAKE UP

With a slightly damp cloth and warm iron, press lightly. Sew up the side, shoulder and sleeve seams. Sew in the sleeves, placing seam to seam. Using the crochet hook, work 3 rows of d.c. along the left-front edge. Work the crochet along the right-front edge as follows:

1st Row: 2 d.c. (2 chain-stitch, 6 d.c.) four times, (thus forming the buttonholes), 1 d.c.

2nd Row: D.c.

3rd Row: D.c.

Work one row of d.c. round the neck edge. Sew on the buttons to correspond with the buttonholes.

● An enchanting little garment that you can make in next to no time with thick blanket wool and big needles. Warm as toast and ever so smart. The design comes from America.



KNITTED in blue blanket wool on No. 3 needles, this little jacket is worn here by Bette Davis, Warner Bros.' star, and is one of her favorite designs. It can be made in a few days. Instructions on this page.



No more
Shrinkage
... Perfect Comfort!

NEVASHRINK actually grows
Softer with repeated washing

Buy your family Nevashrink — and they will enjoy the most comfortable winter they have ever spent. No shrinkage! No thickening! No prickling! Repeated washing only makes Nevashrink softer and cosier. For Nevashrink is not just pre-shrunk by the old stock methods. It is the result of a new, scientific process. To carry out this process Eagley constructed a great new plant of a type entirely new to Australia. Remember — only Eagley make Nevashrink. Ask for it by name.



With continuous washing, ordinary all-wool underwear "thickens."



Eagley Nevashrink retains its original texture and softness.

NEVASHRINK
ALL WOOL UNDERWEAR

Made only by **Eagley**



UNSURPASSED

For the Care of the
Hands • As a Powder
Base • For use in
the Nursery •
For soothing and
refreshing the
Skin • For
men before
and after
Shaving.

1'1

Economy Size
Double Quantity 1/9

The Lotion in the Round Bottle with Orange Label
OBTAINABLE AT ALL CHEMISTS & STORES



What a Welcome Home!

Ordinarily, Bob would not have listened to a word of criticism of his wife. But to himself he admitted despairingly, that things at home were running far from smoothly. Helen seemed to be unable to cope with the housekeeping and look after the children at the same time. She was over-wrought, constantly on the verge of dissolving into helpless tears. She woke tired in the morning . . . was exhausted by the time he arrived home at night.

Then an old friend took the bull by the horns. "Look, Bob," he said: "Helen is simply exhausted. I know; my wife was the same at one time. Give Helen Bourn-vita every night. She'll sleep better . . . get new strength and energy. I'll guarantee that a few weeks on Bourn-vita will make a world of difference to her."

Bob's friend proved right, for Bourn-vita promotes the scientifically sound sleep needed to replace the energy that we have expended during the day. Unless we get that sleep, our energies flag . . . soon nervous exhaustion sets in.

**Nerviness gone
Health returns
& Happiness
too**



*Bourn-vita Sleep gives New Strength
New Nerve - New Vigour!*

Why Bourn-vita sleep is healthy sleep —

Phosphorous	} Mineral and nerve foods
Calcium Iron	
Malt Extract	} Tonic and digestive properties
Calcium Vitamins A, B and D	
	} Essential to the body's health



Bourn-vita is a delicious combination of the most healthful ingredients—specially selected barley malt, full cream milk, eggs, and chocolate. It is a rich source of the quick energy the body needs when sleeping, aiding digestion and ensuring deep refreshing sleep the whole night through. Buy a tin of Bourn-vita to-day. Serve a hot cupful to every member of the family at bed-time every night and ensure good health for all.

1/6, 1-lb.; 2/9, 1-lb.; 4/9, 1-lb.

V2EPI

Cadbury's

BOURN-VITA *at Bedtime*



F3246.—Afternoon frock with slim waist, full skirt, long sleeves. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 2½yds., 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2114.—Coat in new smart tailored style. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 3yds., 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F1267.—Suit for the gay and youthful. Has smart pleated skirt. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 1½yds., 54ins. wide, for jacket, and 1½yds., 54ins. wide, for skirt. Pattern, 1/7.

F1916.—Slim-making evening gown for dinner and dancing. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 6½yds., 36ins. wide, and 1½yds., 36ins. wide, for bodice. Pattern, 1/10.

F1320.—Simple but attractive frock with new three-quarter sleeves. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 4½yds., 36ins. wide, or 2½yds., 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7. Tulle embroidery transfer 1/6 extra.

F2115.—Jacket. The useful kind every woman needs in her wardrobe. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 1½yds., 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/4.

F2904.—Adorable lingerie set—nightgown, slip, and panties. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: Nightdress, 2½yds., 36ins. wide, and 1½yds. for bodice. Slip, 2yds., 36ins. wide, and 1yd. contrast. Panties, 1yd., 36ins. wide, and 1yd. contrast. Price, 2/7 complete, or 1/3 each individual pattern. Embroidery design for bodice may be obtained if desired. Price, 1/3 extra.

Fashion PATTERNS



PLEASE NOTE!

To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: * Write your name and full address in block letters. * Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. * State size required. * For children, state age of child. * Use box numbers given on concession coupon.



Special Concession Pattern

THREE dainty frocks for little daughters. Sizes: 2-4, 4-6, and 6-8 years.

No. 1. Requires: 1½yds., 54ins. wide, and 1yd. contrast, 36ins. wide.

No. 2. Requires: 1½yds., 54ins. wide, and 1yd. contrast, 36ins. wide.

No. 3. Requires: 1½yds., 54ins. wide, and 1yd. contrast, 36ins. wide.

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HELP KIDNEYS PASS 3 LBS. A DAY

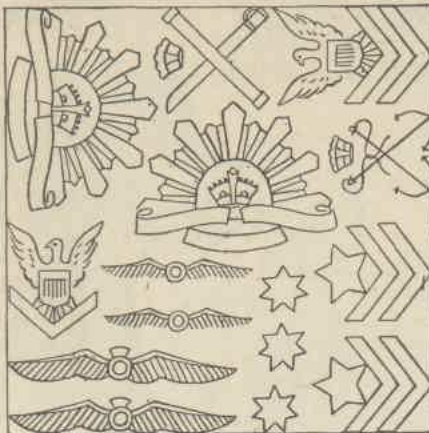
Doctors say your kidneys contain 15 times as many tubes or filters which help to purify the blood and keep you healthy. Must people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

An excess of acids or poisons in your blood are the cause of frequent or acute passages with smarting and burning, nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swollen feet and ankles, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

If kidneys don't empty 3 pints a day and get rid of more than 3 pounds of waste matter, your body will take up those poisons causing serious trouble. Don't wait! Ask your chemist or store for DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS . . . used successfully the world over by millions of people. They give quick relief and will help to flush out the 15 MILES of kidney tubes. Get DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS at your chemist or store.

Adorn frocks and accessories with

SERVICE MOTIFS



CLOSE-UP of the transfer of various emblematic service motifs—navy, army, air force—suitable for embroidering on garments and accessories.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

HERE are details of patterns of garments and accessories available from our Needlework Department, together with embroidery transfer of service motifs.

F2120.—Skirt and jumper. Sizes 2-8 years. Requires 1yd., 54ins., for skirt, and 1½yds., 36ins., for blouse. Pattern, 1/- extra. Transfer for embroidery motif, 1/- extra.

F2121.—Child's coat. Sizes 4-10 years. Requires 2½yds., 54ins. wide.



F2120

F2121

Pattern, 1/3. Transfer for embroidery motif, 1/- extra.

F2122.—Bag and gloves. Material required for bag, 1yd., 36ins. wide. Material required for gloves, ½yd. Sizes 6ins. and 6½ins. Pattern, 1/6 complete. Embroidery transfer, 1/- extra.

F2123.—Hat and belt. Hat, sizes 21ins. to 22½ins. head. Material required, ½yd., 36ins. wide, and 1yd. contrast. Belt requires 1yd., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/6 complete. Transfer for motif, 1/- extra.

F2124.—Cape. 33ins. to 38ins. bust. Requires 2½yds., 54ins. wide, and 1yd., 36ins. contrast. Pattern, 1/6. Transfer for motifs, 1/- extra.

F2125.—Suit. 32ins. to 38ins. bust.

F2122



F2123

PAPER PATTERNS for making handbag and gloves, and also for hat and belt, shown here together with transfer for service emblem embroidery are obtainable from our Needlework Department.

Requires 3½yds., 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/6. Transfer for motif, 1/- extra. F2126.—Slacks and jacket. 32ins. to 38ins. bust. Material required, 1½yds. for jacket, and 2½yds. for slacks, 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/6 complete. Transfer for motifs, 1/- extra.

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THE newest and most exciting fashion idea—frocks, coats, jackets, hats, handbags, and accessories embroidered with navy, army, and air-force motifs.

Patterns for all garments and accessories shown here and transfer for service motifs are obtainable from our Needlework Department.



F2124

F2125

F2126

PAPER PATTERNS for all the garments shown here—(above) swagger cape, two-piece suit, slacks and jacket set, and (left) child's skirt and jumper, child's coat—and transfer for service emblem embroidery are obtainable from our Needlework Department. See details on this page.

COLDS CHILLS and INFECTIONS



Nothing so dangerously undermines a child's constitution as a succession of colds and chills. Vitality is lowered, and resistance to more serious infections, such as Influenza, Measles and Whooping-Cough, is gravely impaired.

The surest way to build up increased resistance to these illnesses is to give Virol regularly during the winter months.

Virol, the one great food that supplies everything that growing bodies need, keeps children mentally alert and physically fit. A Virol Constitution is the foundation of a healthy life.

STRENGTHEN
YOUR CHILD WITH
VIROL NOW

Beautiful!



You buy
refills only—
Save 3^d
every
time

The New Ivory-White
Moulded Container for

Gibbs Dentifrice

IN THE 1/6 SIZE

Good news for housewives who watch the pennies! Your favourite dentifrice now in an elegant, long-lasting container. Now—instead of paying 1/6 every time you need dentifrice you buy a 1/3 refill only and slip it into the new moulded container—a clear saving of 3d. whenever you make a purchase!

Gibbs saves your money
as well as teeth

But apart from this important saving, tests show that the large 1/6 size lasts the average person 216 days—weeks longer than any other dentifrice! It's a sure protection against decay. At all chemists and stores.

Large Moulded Container, 1/6. Large Refills, 1/3

On the Social Record

by Miss Midnight

Romance booming . . .

SOON there'll have to be more digging in diamond and sapphire mines if this romantic boom continues. Never known so many engagements and weddings in the one week.

Melbourne's Judith Lawry gets super diamond solitaire from Max Buchanan on Monday, a diamond bow brooch for wedding gift two days later, and diamond artillery brooch. Betty Crossing, in addition to diamond wedding circlet, receives from John Garnock pearl-and-diamond ring as bridal-day gift.

At one wedding alone . . . Bonnie Longworth to Lester Smith . . . two engagements are announced, and another guest, Joyce Longworth (bride's cousin), smiles so secretly to herself that I'm not a bit surprised when she announces two days later that L.A.C. Gordon Grant has arrived from Point Cook with diamond cluster for her.

At Smith-Longworth reception bridesmaid Desma Smith, groom's sister, is wearing diamonds just presented by Buzz Keysen. And then another anti-aircrafter, John Fowler, and Rosemary Markell decide to announce engagement . . . choose ring next day.

It's a solitaire sapphire that Angus Lightfoot Walker has presented to Amber Jacobs.

See you at curry . . .

URGENT telegram from Bowral to Mrs. Greg Blaxland says: "All coming up for Red Cross curry tiffin Thursday stop Wouldn't miss it for anything stop" . . . signed June Hordern, Elsie Albert, Jocelyn Anderson, Joanie Bode, Margaret Fielding Jones, Jean Healy, Pauline Allen.

Town Hall is location . . . no other place large enough to cater for three thousand eager curry tiffeners, except maybe the showground, which would be rather draughty this weather.

Even if you don't like curry, come all the same, as it's for V.A. Queen, and by way of entertainment there'll be Brian Lawrence and orchestra, Tivoli turns and others.

Indian rajah's curry recipe will be sold for sixpence, plus a chance in diamond brooch art union, by V.A.'s and others, who include Mrs. Geoff Remington, Mrs. Norman Reading, Mrs. Dick Pye, Diana Browne, Pauline Holborrow.

Incidentally . . . I hear that some of aforementioned smart Bowral matrons will be taxi-dancers at Troc. on June 13, also for Red Cross.

Meeting of the clan . . .

MUNRO clan comes to town for wedding at St. Stephen's of Joan Munro, elder daughter of the Weebolla Bolla Munros, with Light Horseman Bob Holmes.

Royal Show horse-judge Rowley Munro arrives Friday to give his daughter away. Mr. Hugh Munro, the Doug Munros and Suzanne Munro, of Queensland, too. The John Camerons come from Manildra.

Joan chooses lovely white faille bridal gown. Pale blue for 17-year-old bridesmaid sister Penelope, just left Frensham. Lots of old Frensham girls invited . . . Dibby Rylie, Ruth Wiseman, Barbara Grant, Cecile Weston, Stephanie Day. Also bride's cousins, Rossie Chandler and Margaret Bell, of Wee Waa.

Sergeant-Major Holmes will take his bride to the old homestead at Bulerana, Moree . . . not far from her parents' home.



• GLORIA McIVER makes an attractive picture on University Festival Day when she tries her skill at archery.



• ALAN BRAGG escorts lovely sister-in-law Judy Lawry, of Melbourne, to St. Mark's for her altar appointment with Max Buchanan, of Pokataroo.



• CAT'S WHISKERS . . . Jean Ackland arranges them for "cat" Strelia Heckelman at dress rehearsal for Captive Fashions, Romano's, this Tuesday. Jean models black-and-white "cat" frock.



• ALL SMILES, John Garnock and bride, fair Betty Crossing, of Mudgee, leave St. John's, Darlinghurst, for Australia reception. Future home at Bombala.

Sorry to go . . .

MEET popular American Consul's wife, Mrs. Albert M. Doyle, dashing off to another of those farewell parties which are listed daily until she sails for America at end of this month.

The Doyles are reluctantly leaving after ten years in Australia, taking with them daughters Genevieve (born in France), Lucienne (born in Holland), and Jacqueline (Brisbane) . . . but very little else.

Mrs. Doyle tells me she is not taking any woollens away, or even powder or lipstick, as she can buy those as soon as she boards American ship and "doesn't think it fair to take anything which might be needed here."

Week-end parties for Mrs. Doyle include Lady Jordan's luncheon at Royal Sydney. Other hostesses are Mesdames Charles Brown, Maurice Samuels, A. C. Aubry, Walter Gledhill, L. Dobell, Rupert Harden.

American doings . . .

CERTAINLY is busy time for American colony. Drop in to tea with Mrs. Chick Bouvet at Edgecliff flat to chat about July 3. An obvious night for celebration, as it's eve of "Glorious Fourth" . . . so you'll find Trocadero crammed with both northern and southern accents that night.

Committee, which includes Mrs. Percy Du Mar, Mrs. Paul Brown, Mrs. George Applegate, are corraling all those who can mix a mean hamburger or pop corn . . . pardon me, "parp cawn" . . . to be part of Carnival Street Scene in Troc. foyer. Proceeds for Lord Mayor's Fund and Red Cross.

Did you know? . . .

WHILE Lionel Whitelaw is at officers' training school at Narrellan, Mrs. Whitelaw has come from Merriwa and taken flat in Ocean Avenue, Double Bay . . . accompanied by small daughters Judy and Penelope.

Mrs. G. Campbell has taken small daughters Deirdre, Valerie, and Pixie to Leura to spend school holidays at Rimu, country home of her mother, Mrs. Philip Robertson, opposite golf links.

Marie Witherspoon, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Witherspoon, of Cremorne, is twenty-one this Tuesday . . . just announced engagement to Warrant-Officer Cecil James Shaw.

Heard around town . . .

JIMMY BANCKS is thinking of hibernating after June 14 . . . in the afternoon he will judge at Retford Hall dog show (in aid of Red Cross V.A. Queen, Sue Other Gee), from 5.30 p.m. he will be barman, also at Retford Hall, at party being arranged by Mrs. Lex Albert and Mrs. Claude Healy (for Sue again), and at night he'll be barman again at Redleaf Fun and Games (for Army Queen).

And seen . . .

PAMELA RICHARDS, in town from Cootamundra, trousseau shopping. She weds Warrie Holman in their home town on June 21 . . . dressed in full bridal array.



• ICE-MANNEQUINS Heather Macleod and Judy Sayers get ready for carnival at Ice Palais in aid of Army Queen.



• EXCITING DAY for them . . . Monica McGrath arrives at Parliament House with her mother, Mrs. J. F. McGrath, for opening of new session. Mr. J. F. McGrath is new member for Rockdale.



• CONGRATULATIONS for Joyce Longworth (left) from Kath Noss. Joyce has just announced engagement to Gordon Grant, R.A.A.F.



• WHO'S THIRSTY? Betty Wolfenson (left) and Verleen Sabiel, two good reasons why drink stall is well patronised at University Fair . . . to aid Lord Mayor's Fund.

I NEVER DREAMT I'D BE ABLE
TO COME TODAY, BUT I TOOK
TWO BAYER'S ASPIRIN AND LOST
MY COLD!



Check colds with Bayer's Aspirin TABLETS

To relieve headache from a cold, body discomfort and aches, take two genuine Bayer's Aspirin Tablets with water or, if going to bed, with a hot drink. Literally millions have adopted this simple speedy, harmless method of checking and relieving colds and flu.

quicker, surer, safer

Tin of 12, 9d.; Bottle of 24, 1/3;
Bottle of 100, 4/6.

MADE IN AUSTRALIA
for 20 years

WHY BAYER'S ASPIRIN
starts to work so fast

Drop a Bayer's Aspirin Tablet into a glass of water. In a seconds, by the time it hits the bottom of the glass it is disintegrating. See this way why Bayer's Aspirin acts so quickly.

Eyes Burn?



You get quick relief from that tired, strained feeling with cleansing, soothing Murine. A drop in each eye is the modern way to wash away irritation. Eye dropper with every bottle. Ask your chemist...

MURINE
FOR YOUR EYES
SOOTHES • CLEANSSES • REFRESHES
Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney

YES, the jigsaw fitted too well for comfort. Miss Wright was evidently in Stahlbergen, getting ready to do a little intensive mountaineering. Determined, no doubt, to be the first woman to yodel in swing-time from the summit of the Unterhorn. And the boss was counting on me—I mean, Dan Fraser—to catch her if she slipped.

Of course you're thinking I could have saved myself a lot of grief by correcting Mr. Wright on the spot. But have you ever seen the boss when he's caught in a mistake? There are just two things George Wright prides himself on—his best-seller list, and his memory. I can still hear the fireworks in our office when he bounced Steve Saunders for correcting him on the date of the Battle of Waterloo.

I looked up with a start. Miss Haley was standing in my compartment door with pursed lips.

"Wright House doesn't encourage day-dreaming," she said. "Follow me." I did so, meekly.

G.W. was sitting in the ruins of his morning's work, scowling at a glass of tonic water, when we tipped in. The fact that la belle France was slipping by the windows didn't change the atmosphere in the least. For all practical purposes I was walking into our New York sanctorium again—ready to take a beating for losing page-proofs.

When I saw the boss had taken off his glasses I knew I was licked. Without his horn-rims, George Wright and a bat are first cousins.

"Sit down, Dan," he said. "I trust you're in good condition."

I looked to Miss Haley for help, but all she did was cast me a warning look and carry out her notebook.

"As you see, this is off the record," said G.W. "You've digested my memorandum?"

"Pretty thoroughly, sir."

"Naturally, I preferred to give you a few facts verbally. How long since you've done any real climbing?"

"Quite a while, sir," I said, burning my bridges behind me. "You see, I've stayed pretty close to the office since I came to you. The fact is, this is the first holiday I've been able to—"

"Then a little work-out is just what you need. A work-out with a motive, of course. How well do you know my daughter?"

"Sorry, Mr. Wright. I've never had the pleasure."

"Don't try to flatter me. You read the newspapers, don't you? You must know she's been a little fiend from the cradle."

I sat tight and waited. Long experience had told me that G.W. dis-

Stand by for Orders

Continued from page 3

liked interruptions when he was calling his family names.

"This time," said the boss, "it's a Dutchman."

"Von Schlager?" I asked, remembering my Baedeker.

"Where did you ever hear of von Schlager? He's a real mountaineer. Used to climb with him myself." The boss swallowed his drink in a gulp—but it didn't help his turkey-red flush one bit. "This happens to be a lad named van Meer—an art photographer, but as brassy as they come. Just because he's sat in a few snow-fields snapping infra-red pictures of Everest and Nanda Devi, he thinks he can take Althea and the Unterhorn in his stride." G.W. tossed a postcard on the seat between us. "Read this."

I did—trying hard to keep my chin from quivering.

"Wish me luck, you old pirate. Fan and I are going up as soon as we are acclimatised—MIMI!"

There was a picture of the Unter-



BROWN WOOL SLACKS over-checked with beige and worn with a snug jacket in beige camel-hair. A red cravat gives a flash of color.

horn on the other side, but I handed it back without looking.

"I hope you've gathered why I sent for you," said Mr. Wright. "I'm a busy man this morning. I'll be even busier in Rome to-morrow." He ruffled his papers, his sign that an interview is at an end.

But I didn't budge. Of course, I'd read enough gossip to know that Althea had practically decided to marry the Dutchman.

"According to this memo," I said, "you want me to take notes and keep you posted. Is that all?"

"Don't let her on the mountain without you," he muttered. "Little fiend or not, she's all I have."

For the life of me I couldn't tell what worried him more—losing Mimi to the Unterhorn or to van Meer.

"If you think there's danger, sir, why don't you—?"

"She's a Wright, Dan. If she's made up her mind to climb that mountain, she'll climb it. But she doesn't marry that man while I have my strength."

"But what can I—?"

"You can rope in with them, if you want to keep your job."

"Shall I push him over a cliff, if necessary?"

"Call me by telephone if they get too near a church. I can fly back from Rome." The papers really rattled this time.

I was in the vestibule before I knew it, staring at Miss Haley. She beamed back brightly. "Well, Mr. Fraser, it isn't every junior who gets his vacation fare paid across half of France."

"Thanks, loads," I said. "Could you tell me where I leave the train?"

"At Berne. You'll have time for a nice long nap."

"I'm sure I can sleep like a top. Talking with G.W. is always such a relaxation."

Wright, Rome.—No sign of Dutchman. Awaiting orders. Fraser.

Fraser, Stahlbergen.—Are you positive? Wright.

Wright, Rome.—I've looked everywhere. Mimi says she ditched him when he fainted at ten thousand feet on practice climb. What's more, I believe her. Fraser.

Fraser, Stahlbergen.—Stand by, anyhow. She knows more tricks than a chimpanzee. Since when have you called her Mimi? Wright.

I was sitting on the terrace of the Schweizerhof with an untasted drink before me, staring down at the entries in my notebook. No wonder the boss was puzzled. So was I.

Van Meer had skedaddled, all right, the day I arrived. You'd understand why, once you laid eyes on Miss Wright, in the flesh. You couldn't picture that girl hooked up with an art photographer. She had already told me, confidentially, that the newspapers had made that story up, and she had let it ride, until his fainting spell.

Van Meer was at Interlaken now, catching his breath before he went back to his studio in Holland. You'd think a man would know enough to keep off mountains, when he's lived below sea-level all his life.

I swung my chair round, just for the pleasure of gazing at the view. The Unterhorn soared up beyond the dark notch of firs, looking about as hospitable as a mountain on Mars. Away off beyond, you could see the whole Bernese Oberland burning in the sunset. In fact, you got one of the finest panoramas in Switzerland from that railing. I had got so I could look at it without vertigo, almost.

In case you're wondering how Miss Wright and I got introduced—it happened automatically. The hotel was all set for a big tourist season, which wasn't due to break for a few weeks yet. So there was no one on hand but a few invalids in deck-chairs, and the usual Bavarian honeymooners. Mimi and I were the only people who ordered our cocktails in English that first night at the bar. You might almost call it a patriotic gesture, asking her to dance.

I opened my notebook.

Please turn to page 38

Klipper
ALL AUSTRALIAN
World Renowned
WOOL TIES
WASHABLE—UNCRUSHABLE

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Klipper JUNIOR 1/9
Klipper KANGAROO 2/11
Klipper CRAFT Extra Large 3/6

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WOOL TIES
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SWINGING Along the Road

You can't be a big success if you are always tired . . . afraid to compete with younger men or more vital, attractive women. You need not grow old yet . . . if only you will let WINGARNIS bring back youth's brisk step and cheery outlook. WINGARNIS, a nourishing blend of rich wine and two fortifying vitamins, will build up your exhausted system. Over 25,000 recommendations from medical men testify that WINGARNIS, the "No-Waiting" Tonic, benefits brain, heart and nerves from the very first glass. GET WINGARNIS from your Chemist to-day.

She put on her "NIGHTIE"

and her hands became softer, lovelier!

"I do a double job," says Miss M. Blackmore, of 2 Riverside Crescent, West Marrickville. "I am a secretary by day and I run a home as well. You can imagine how that takes it out of my hands. A few months ago my hands became so red and rough that I was terribly ashamed of them. Naturally, I tried everything to get them soft and white again, but it was no good. I could not bear to keep some of those sticky mixtures on my skin, but finally a chemist put me on to Pond's Hand Lotion. It felt so smooth—not a bit sticky or greasy—so I got into the habit of putting it on my hands last thing before bed and leaving it on all night. Now I'm proud to show my hands—they're so soft and white."

Your hands need this
protection every day.

Just think of the things you do every day that take the beauty out of your

Your chemist recommends it.

hands. There's washing up—hot water and soda—soaps, housework, chapping winds and sun. No wonder your hands need daily protection! Keep your hands smooth, soft and white. Use Pond's Hand Lotion—every time you wash your hands and last thing at night. Pond's Hand Lotion is a special skin-softener. It's rich and concentrated. You actually need less of this creamy lotion.

Do this every night
for soft, white hands.

Pond's Hand Lotion contains special softening and whitening ingredients that go to work the minute it's applied. Just before retiring each night, sprinkle a few drops of Pond's Hand Lotion onto the palms of your hands and massage well in with a hand-washing motion. Leave on while you sleep. After a few nights of this treatment you will be surprised how white and soft your hands will be. Use Pond's every time you wash your hands and last thing at night before bed.

Pond's Hand Lotion is only 1/3 a bottle at all stores and chemists, and 1/10 for economical large bottle containing more than twice as much.



"Did you notice her hair?"



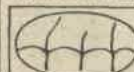
How attractive it is. Glossy, thick—admired by all . . . "lucky girl," they say! But it's not just luck . . . it's careful attention, plus the magic of vitalising CRYSTOLIS treatment.

If your hair is dull and lifeless, or flaked with dandruff, if dead hairs come out when you brush . . . don't shrug and think you're just unlucky. Act now to give it rich, glowing lustre . . . and begin massaging fragrant CRYSTOLIS Rapid into your scalp to-night. Tingling, deep-penetrating CRYSTOLIS acts three ways to beautify

your hair . . . it cleanses and refreshes; it destroys dandruff and tones up the scalp; it checks falling hair and stimulates new, vigorous hair growth. Enjoy seeing your hair rich and abundant, silky-clean and neat—gleaming with new, fashionable sheen. Ask your chemist, store or hairdresser for CRYSTOLIS Rapid to-day.

CRYSTOLIS
Rapid

Recognised as World's most effective Scalp Treatment and Aid to Hair Growth.
Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.



Dandruff plugs clogging pores of scalp, causing weakened and diseased growth



Clean, healthy pores, free from dandruff plugs permit growth of thick, healthy hair

Courage of the business girls of bombed London

Author's tribute to their unbreakable spirit



The modern, self-supporting business girl is one of the most unbreakable elements in London's resistance to air raids.

Negley Farson pays her a well-deserved tribute in his book on wartime London, "Bomber's Moon."

WRITING of the throngs in the underground shelters... he says:

"The thing that is so interesting is to become aware of the daily life of which they have become the nightly home."

"There is the large class of typists, clerks, and girl or woman executives. These people seem to bring with them an air of cool, business-like, feminine efficiency."

"They nearly all have their despatch case, in which there are sandwiches and the inevitable thermos. Practically every one of them is wearing trousers."

"One clever one, I noticed, was using a pneumatic rubber bathing float as a bed. Some had a camp chair. They take off their shoes and put on soft slippers. They knit sporty jumpers, write letters, read 'Tees'."

"What marks this type of woman—and it is nearly always apparent—is a cool and rather arrogant disdain of even letting anyone think she is being made uncomfortable. She doesn't want your sympathy."

"She doesn't want any kind words from you, except done via badingin, that would even dare to hint that you might think she would, one day, crack. Because she won't crack..."

Negley Farson has dedicated his book, illustrated with sketches by Tom Purvis, "To the last Nadi."

He began to write it after the first week of heavy air raids.

It is a record of high courage, often in the face of terrible conditions; a record of that remarkable person, the average Englishman.

This is a picture of one: "A grey-haired old man sat stiffly on a hard chair in the shelter. He did not change his posture, as far as we could make out, from ten that night until six the next morning. He just sat there and stared."

"He had a scholarly, distinguished face; and there was something about his bearing—perhaps his clothes had an air of genteel respectability—which made you feel certain that

he was a small librarian, or a small bookseller of some sort."

"I did not speak to the old man, because one of the things that it is almost impossible to do in these shelters (unless you are a legitimate shelterer yourself) is to go up and speak to anyone."

"But what I wanted to ask him, aside from his vocation, was why don't you push that hard chair away, sprawl out on the floor and have a good sleep?"

"That night I am sure he would have sent me about my business. 'To-night, some five weeks later, I think I would find him stretched out... probably on a neatly-folded blanket, with his coat, for safety, clutched under his head...'"

"But in his fundamental character he is still the same Englishman who may ride with you from London to Glasgow in an otherwise empty railway compartment and never address you by so much as one word."

"There are hundreds of Englishmen in the shelters like that, thousands, and they strike a note of typical British courage. 'Even disaster won't rattle them so that they let you get familiar with them.'"

Life in shelters

FARSON'S accounts of some of the worse-off shelters—for instance, at time of writing, the Aldwych tunnel—make uncomfortable reading.

Summing up on the tube shelters: "Tube life gives you some peculiar impressions. What an unbelievable amount of physical discomfort so many people are willing to put up with rather than run the risk of being killed."

"Where conditions are almost intolerable, as they were in the Aldwych Tube—any conversation will be nine-tenths a political tirade against the Government."

"Whereas in South Kensington, a place of moderate comfort, I never heard politics mentioned."

"The ultimate tube moral seems

to be that if you give the average Englishman at least the comfort you would want for your cat you can't break him..."

From the public shelters one night Farson and Purvis went to "a place where people were at least trying to forget there was a war."

"Down a deep hole in the ground, barricaded by sandbags, steel trusses and shrouding curtains, where no noise of falling bomb or rattling British gun was allowed to penetrate, people tried to dodge the truth."

"Here were a jazz band, professional entertainer, and high-priced oblivion."

"Three friends of mine have just come up and apologised to me for being here," said Tom. "They claim



NEGLEY FARSON, whose latest book, "Bomber's Moon," is a record of wartime London.

they just ducked in here to get out of the air raid on their way home."

"After what we had seen in the public shelters this place made us want to go out into the streets and be sick."

"In here," said Tom Purvis, "I can almost hear the sound of the tumbrils."

"Bomber's Moon." By Negley Farson, with illustrations by Tom Purvis. Victor Gollancz Ltd. (Our copy from Dymock's Library, Sydney.)

For The Blood, Veins, Arteries And Heart

Elasto
The Wonder Tablet
Take It!
and Stop Limping

DON'T let Leg Troubles cripple you. Take 'Elasto', the Great New Biomedical Remedy that acts through the blood, and have done with enforced rest, worry, suffering and expense.

Leg aches and pains soon vanish when 'Elasto' is taken. Painful swollen (varicose) veins are restored to a healthy condition, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds become clean and healthy and quickly heal, the heart becomes steady, the arteries supple, piles disappear, rheumatism simply fades away, and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, although the relief does seem magical; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by 'Elasto', the tiny tablet with wonderful healing power.

What is 'Elasto'?

This question is fully answered in an interesting booklet, which explains in simple language this amazing new method of revitalising the blood. Your copy is Free—see Offer below. Suffice it to say here that 'Elasto' is not a drug but a vital cell-food. It restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with the blood albumin to form organic elastic tissue and thus enables Nature to restore elasticity to the broken-down and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries and heart, and so to re-establish normal, healthy circulation, without which there can be no true healing! NINE TIMES OUT OF TEN THE REAL TROUBLE IS BAD CIRCULATION.

Send for FREE Booklet

Simply send your name and address to 'ELASTO', Box 1553R, Sydney, for your FREE copy of the interesting 'Elasto' booklet. Or better still, get a supply of 'Elasto' (with booklet enclosed) from your chemist to-day and see for yourself what a wonderful difference 'Elasto' makes. Obtainable from chemists and stores everywhere. Price 7/6, one month's supply. (A-646)



No Thanks, Mummy!
**I'D RATHER
HAVE MY COLD**

PLEASE don't be angry with me for not wanting to swallow any more of that nasty medicine. It gags me on the way down and makes my tummy go churn, churn, churn when it gets there.

Besides, my cold isn't in my tummy at all. It's my nose that's running. My cough's in my throat. It's my chest that hurts. Please, Mummy, won't you use something that will make me feel better right where I feel so miserable?



AVOID UNHAPPY "DOSING"—RUB COLDS AWAY

You'll get smiles instead of tears when you treat a child's cold this way: Simply rub his throat, chest, and back at bedtime with Vicks VapoRub.

There's no risk of upsetting a little stomach—no danger of thus pulling down a child's strength just when he needs it most.

And relief is quicker because VapoRub gets after a cold right in the sore, clogged air-passages. Its soothing vapours are inhaled with every breath. At the same time, it

works on the skin like a poultice, easing congestion and pain. There is no waiting for swallowed medicine to go from the stomach into the blood, then travel all through the body.

Hours of comfort follow as VapoRub's poultice and vapour actions clear away tormenting stuffiness, relieve coughing, make breathing easy. While your child sleeps, VapoRub goes on working. By morning, usually, the worst of the cold is gone.



Ideal for children—and just as good for adults

VICKS
VAPORUB

Over 26 million jars used yearly in 71 countries

NOW SHE IS FREE FROM

ACID STOMACH

Clear complexion... sparkling eyes... radiant with the joy of living... who would believe that only a little while ago there were days when the mirror revealed ageing lines, a sallow, spotty complexion and tired, pain-drawn features? They were days of constant misery, of stomach pains—days when acid stomach nearly wrecked her health.

But De Witt's Antacid Powder has put an end to all that torture, just as it has done for a host of sufferers. Relief from the very first dose and then the sheer joy of eating all those nice things which you like best, but which hurt most. You don't have to go on taking De Witt's Antacid Powder—for it quickly restores the whole digestive process to a normal healthy state. First it neutralises the excess acid. Then it soothes and protects the inflamed stomach lining. Finally, it actually helps digest your food.

ONE DOSE—INSTANT RELIEF!

Why stay in pain... why let acid stomach lead to chronic dyspepsia? This is the remedy you need—and need NOW.

Approval No. 173

DeWitt's
ANTACID POWDER

Unequalled for Indigestion, Acid Stomach, Heartburn, Gastritis and Flatulence. Prices (including Sales Tax) 2/7½. Giant size, 4/8



End stomach troubles now and eat what you like. Get your sky-blue canister to-day!

large sky-blue canisters,

BLONDES



7-11 minutes a week keeps your hair beautifully fair and sparkling

When you are pressed for time and cannot get to your hairdresser, use a Sta-Blond Shampoo. 7-11 minutes is all that Sta-Blond's quick action requires to keep blonde hair beautifully fair — always.

And you will make an amazing discovery. You will find that only Sta-Blond can keep blonde hair fair and sparkling — that only Sta-Blond can bring back those glorious shining highlights to darkened blonde hair. It succeeds where other shampoos fail — simply because it is made specially for blondes.

It is easy to do your hair with Sta-Blond. It acts so quickly in washing away dull, dingy hair film. And its precious Vitef nourishes the roots. Contains no dyes or injurious bleaches.

NOT A LUXURY — BUT A NECESSITY AND AN ECONOMY FOR NATURAL BLONDE HAIR

STA-BLOND

THE BLONDES OWN SHAMPOO



END CONSTIPATION TO-NIGHT

If you suffer from constipation, take one or two Nyal Figsen tablets before retiring. There is no gripping pain, no stomach upsets. In the morning Figsen acts . . . thoroughly, effectively, yet so gently and mildly. Except for the pleasant relief Figsen brings, you would scarcely know you had taken a laxative. Nyal Figsen is a pleasant-tasting, natural laxative that is just as good for youngsters as it is for grown-ups. Figsen is sold by chemists everywhere. 1/3½ a tin. The next best thing to Nature . . .

Nyal Figsen

FOR CONSTIPATION

Isn't she charming!

Such an attractive smile and nice teeth—she chews healthful, delicious Wrigley's Chewing Gum daily



It is an easy, pleasant way to achieve these results. Chewing WRIGLEY'S also removes the small particles of food which lodge between the teeth and which may easily cause decay. And in cases of flatulence, it is a life-saver. In addition, this daily, agreeable way of chewing helps brace up sagging facial muscles and to restore the natural, attractive contour of your face and chin.

If you find it difficult to concentrate, or if your nerves are unsteady, chewing WRIGLEY'S aids you to overcome these troubles. Three delicious flavours—P.K. (real peppermint), Spearmint (essence of garden mint) and Juicy Fruit (lusciously sweet). Buy several packets to-day and always have a supply handy.

WRIGLEY'S

Three Delicious Flavours for Your Choice. An Australian Product. On Sale Everywhere.

AU22

I CONSIDERED

wiring: Wright, Home.—She asked me to call her Mimi. May I? Fraser. Only you don't send your boss that sort of telegram. Especially when you're sympathised with his daughter, more or less against your will, from the word go. So would anyone who had seen her in that strapless Schiaparelli, drinking a lone cocktail to a Strauss waltz.

I had told her that I was a geologist on a busman's holiday, and that my favorite pastime was walking under glaciers to pick up samples of moraine for my classes at Andover. We'd been out together twice, to bring back rocks. Mimi said that I acclimatised wonderfully; and I was beginning to agree with her. In fact, I'd begun to worry about the best way of bowing out gracefully . . . though it didn't seem fair, really, leaving an American girl at the mercy of a handful of foreigners. Besides, van Meer might get his second wind and come up from the valley.

I heard a step behind me. There she was, in ski-pants, fresh from the toboggan run, cheeks glowing, the picture of Innocence. I remembered reading about the time she had broken a dozen plates on waiters' heads at El Morocco; and I shuddered because I had been cynical enough to believe it.

Mimi sat down beside me, and took a long sip of my beer.

"Still at that silly notebook, Dan?

"Don't you ever get caught up?"

"Right now, I'm ahead of myself,"

I said, looking at her, hard.

"Then you'll be glad to hear I got hold of Fritz a moment ago. He can take us to the half-way house now. On the funicular."

I jolted back to reality.

"And who is Fritz?"

"The best guide in Switzerland. Dreadfully expensive, but worth it. You see, he knows every rock on the Unterhorn. Wasn't it nice of me, remembering that you wanted to study the glacier from above?"

"When did I say that?"

"Last night, when we were having that champagne. Fritz will find you more specimens than you can classify."

"But I've a trunkload now."

When Mimi's eyes narrowed, she reminded me of G.W. more than ever.

"Surely you aren't afraid of a little more altitude, Dan?"

Remembering the Dutchman's fate I looked straight back at her, and smiled.

"Where is that guide now?"

"In your room, packing what you'll need."

"You do move fast, once you've made up your mind."

"I might say the same for you, Dan."

Stand by for Orders

Continued from page 36

"I might be light-headed," I said, "but not enough to let you out of my sight."

She gave me her international look and took my arm in hers.

"Good boy—I was counting on that."

When Fritz nudged me awake, on the wrong side of dawn the next morning, I had to think twice to remember where I was. A few pale stars still showed outside the door of the half-way house, but the couple that ran it were already busy in the two-by-four kitchen, and Mimi was humming a tune in the ladies' dormitory beyond.

I walked out to get a smell of the morning—stopping in the doorway when I saw nothing but clouds under my feet. The funicular cable slanted away downhill, into a solid wall of cotton-wool. Above the roof of the chalet a snow ridge cut the dawn like a knife.

Groping my way to a solid chair, I asked myself why I was here at all. Mimi answered without words when she came up with a cup of strong coffee in each hand. Believe me, it was worth waking up with a stiff neck, just to see her sitting at your breakfast table.

F RITZ was right behind her with hard-back — a little knot of a Swiss, with a face that was mostly wind-burned nose, and an odd way of walking sideways, like a mountain goat, even when he was indoors. After we'd eaten, Mimi put out her hand for no reason at all, and gave mine a firm shake. She had beautiful hands, both strong and graceful; I could speak with authority, having held one of them last evening while we rocketed up in that funicular. But now she shook hands simply, like a man.

"Time we roped up, Fritz. We must be at Schlager's Boss by sunrise."

"Don't mention bosses," I said. "It's hard enough to breathe now."

Then I gasped in earnest, as Fritz whipped his hard-boiled clothes-line round my middle. As for Mimi, she was sitting on the floor, tying a pair of medium-size bear-traps over her hiking shoes.

"Don't pretend you've never seen crampons before, Dan. Didn't you use them when you were taking your classes through the Rockies?"

Love had hit me between the eyes all right. So hard, that I let Fritz put my feet in bear-traps, too, and clumped out into the snow after him and Mimi, without a word.

We marched Indian-file down a firm enough path, banked on both sides by clouds. It was so light by now that I saw no reason for the lantern in Fritz's hand. You could look away off ahead—to what might have been a dinosaur with his back humped up in a nightmare. That, I gathered, was the boss Mimi had just mentioned. Still higher, a giant seemed to have smashed the mountain in two, and dusted it over lightly with a few thousand tons of snow.

I couldn't see beyond, and I didn't want to. Wasn't that enough rock to satisfy any geologist? And why had I made up that little yarn about field-work in the Rockies? Why hadn't I told Mimi that my speciality was astronomy?

When we reached the dinosaur's hump, it was light enough for Fritz to park his lantern. That's when I made the mistake of looking back at the sunrise. The clouds had rolled away; and I saw that we had just walked over the spine of a knife-edged ridge that dropped down on either side to chasms black as the end of the world. It made your palms sweat, just to look.

Let me tell you, I sang out in earnest this time. Fritz answered with a yodel, which Mimi echoed cheerily. I opened my eyes, and saw they were both well up the dinosaur's back, with Fritz hacking steps in the ice-rime as he led the way. The slack of my rope was vanishing rapidly. I clamped my teeth down just in time to swallow my heart—and followed.

Half-way up the mountain we paused for brandy on a ledge all of seven feet wide. It was the first time I had dared to sit down in over an hour. Mimi sat beside me, dangling those wonderful long legs of hers into the blue.

"More fun than the Rockies, Dan?"

"Much. When do I start collecting those specimens?"

"Lean out a little. There's a beautiful streak of quartzite under my heel."

"I've plenty of quartzite at the Schweizerhof."

"Then we'll go right on, shall we? Fritz is being very difficult. He thinks we should stop this side of the glacier, but perhaps I can persuade him to take us higher."

They launched into a thick torrent of foreign words unintelligible to me. When it was over, Fritz folded his arms and looked away.

"He insists we turn back before noon. I insist we go on."

"Look here, is this a stroll to round off my collection, or a dash for the summit?"

"Take your pick, Dan. But if you ask me, I think we've pretended long enough."

"So do I. In fact—"

But Mimi had already pulled a telegram out of her pocket, and passed it over. Maybe it was the high altitude, but it took a good two minutes for the point to sink in. When it did, I was mad enough to chew the hobnails out of her boots.

Althea Wright, Stahlbergen.—Daniel Fraser, well-known climber at your hotel, keep clear of him. He is a fortune-hunting Casanova. Dad.

"Well, Dan?" Mimi was laughing at me, out of those bright blue eyes.

The point had registered now, all right. G.W. had taken no chances of a slip-up where that photographer was concerned. The one way to make sure I'd get results with Mimi was to put Mimi on my trail, too. The best way to bring out the huntress in her was to send just that kind of warning.

Probably my double-crossing employer had not believed one of my telegrams. Probably he thought I was lying in the hotel bar this minute with a magnum of champagne at my elbow—while his only daughter cavorted in the snow with van Meer. Well, I'd show him how wrong he was—and give Mimi her money's worth.

Even Fritz looked startled when I snapped them both to their feet with a double jerk on the rope.

I didn't stop seeing red until we'd gone over the top, and found ourselves on a flat sea of ice that broke in cold waves against a sugar-loaf far off in the dazzling distance. The top of the glacier, and the top of the world. Only that funny crumbled sugar-loaf looked higher . . . And then, I realised that I was looking at all that was left of the Unterhorn for us to conquer. That strange, snowy bulge beyond was the summit.

Please turn to page 40

NEW CANADIAN CREAM RUB



for Children's Chest Colds

Mothers! Here's the new Canadian Cream Rub—Buckley's Wintrol RUB—it's for children's chest colds—now made in Australia by the makers of Buckley's Canadial Mixture. It's the new cream rub with the unique 3-way thermal action that breaks up children's chest colds while they sleep. Rubs in quicker, penetrates deeper, acts faster. Ask your chemist or store for Buckley's Wintrol RUB to-day.

Buckley's WINTROL RUB

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

Catarrhal Deafness May be Overcome

If you have Catarrhal Deafness or are even just a little hard of hearing or have head noises go to your chemist and get 1 ounce of Parment (double strength), and add to it 1 pint of hot water and a little sugar. Take a dessertspoonful four times a day.

This will bring quick relief from the distressing head noises. Clogged nostrils will open, breathing become easy and the mucus stop dropping into the throat. It is easy to prepare, costs little and is pleasant to take. Anyone losing hearing or who has Catarrhal Deafness or head noises should give this prescription a trial.

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

TAKE FAT OFF QUICKLY WITH BONKORA —

LOSE 12 lbs. in 2 weeks!

Try this quick reducing treatment. Women all over Australia have found BonKora amazingly successful. Often when exhausting diet and strenuous exercise have failed this easy, pleasant method has brought instant results. Pounds of ungainly bulk have gone, in short time; BonKora's 3-stage method acts at triple speed. Excess fat goes first and you can stop treatment at any time; reduce at own speed according to the dose you take.

EAT BIG MEALS, YET LOSE FAT

No need to go hungry—follow instructions in BonKora booklet and eat satisfying, tasty meals all through the course. BonKora rids the body of impurities and builds health while it breaks down fat. Users look better, feel younger from first days of treatment.

BonKora is harmless—no dangerous drugs or thyroid are used in its ingredients.

BonKora is 6/6 at all chemists. No increase in price because of Sales Tax. 2d. in stamps brings you FREE SAMPLE and full details. Should your chemist be out of stock, post 6/6 in postal order to World Agencies, Pacific House, 249 George Street, Sydney, N.S.W.



Reasons why men dislike carrying flowers

MEN are bashful and awkward, too, when it comes to carrying flowers for women (Mrs. Randall, 17/5/41), but how many of us would want to alter that?

Knowing as we do the embarrassment men feel while choosing and bringing bouquets to us should make us appreciate all the more the love and thoughtfulness that come with them, especially if they be from one's husband.

Mrs. Ern Berry, Flat 4, 14 Foster St., St. Kilda S2, Vic.

Just an old custom

IN the olden days men used to carry bouquets of flowers to their women friends, so why not now?

Flowers given personally are appreciated more than those sent by a messenger.

Not very many men wear flowers in their buttonholes now. Perhaps they regard that custom as being effeminate also.

Miss N. Elms, 86 Citizen St., Goulburn, N.S.W.

Give such pleasure

IT is rather ridiculous how absurd men are regarding the carrying of flowers. To my way of thinking it is an indication of weakness in their make-up.

One of the finest men I have been my privilege to know would gladly carry flowers, and many are the



Makes him feel self-conscious.

hearts that have been made glad by the blooms he carried to the aged and sick from his own garden.

Mrs. C. M. Brown, 7 Sherwood Rd., Surrey Hills E10, Vic.

Happy task

MY husband would always carry flowers to me or to our friends. And he was not too "cissy" to join the A.I.F. and go overseas to fight for freedom, country, and family.

He will, if I know him, still bring me flowers when he comes back, and enjoy doing so, to please me.

Mrs. Howard Hider, 2nd Ave., Bridgewater, S.A.

So They Say

WHEN ROMANCE GOES

I WAS both amused and annoyed to come across the following in a short story, "They (meaning the married hero and heroine) were reasonably happy, in spite of being married four years." Are there actually people who believe that only the first months of marriage are worth consideration?

Do not readers agree that love is destined to be as old as time and as modern as each new romance forever?

Mrs. Col. Harris, Pelham St., Coorparoo, Qld.

SPEAK THEIR MIND

CERTAIN honest but unthinking people often commit the grievous mistake of "speaking their mind" on all occasions, and under all circumstances, to the great mortification of their hearers.

Especially do they take credit to themselves for their courage, if their freedom of speech happens to give offence to anyone.

A little reflection ought to show how cruel and unjust this is. The law restrains us from inflicting bodily injury upon those with whom we disagree, yet there is no legal preventive against this wounding of the feelings of others.

Mrs. W. Gunner, P.O. Warracknabeal, Vic.

FORFEIT MINOR LUXURY

WOMEN working in offices and workshops (and men, too, for that matter) might well go without their morning and afternoon tea as a real war sacrifice, and donate the cost of the tea to a war fund, the Red Cross, or a soldiers' buffet.

It would only be a minor sacrifice on the part of each individual, but in the aggregate would amount to a substantial sum.

A. Thornton, 4 John St., Woolahra, N.S.W.

WOULD AVOID MISFIT

I THINK it would be a good idea if manufacturers of shirts, aprons, and so on would include a piece of the material with the finished article.

It would save housewives a lot of trouble. Clothing must be patched at times, and surely it is better to have one of the same material than something only near it.

Mrs. H. Smith, 23 Tyrone St., Stn. Yarra SE1, Vic.

Tendency to use foreign terms

ONE evening I was astounded to hear the announcement of a tennis "blitz" for the following week.

Surely we in Australia, who love our country and are proud to belong to the British Empire, need not adopt these German words.

The pride of Australian manhood has gone forth to fight a ruthless foe, and it is the duty of each one of us to remain 100 per cent. British in word of speech as well as in deed.

I for this letter to Mrs. F. C. Barnett, Farley St., Boonah, Qld.

Should every penny be kept for household use?

I AGREE with Mrs. Cahill (17/5/41) that there is great credit due to the woman who, possessing only a few shillings a week, still has the spirit and urge to attend the pictures.

Many people on finding that they have less cash than is comfortable fall into a drab groove and grizzle to all and sundry about the unfairness of their lot. If, instead, a shilling or so were expended on half a day's entertainment it would not make a great deal of difference to the family budget, but would make a deal of difference to the outlook of the individual.

Miss Phyllis Holden, c/o Mrs. Isherwood, 8 Concord Rd., Strathfield, N.S.W.

Too wasteful

I, TOO, agree that twice a week for pictures is extravagant.

If a woman has only a few shillings a week, surely once a week is a luxury, and it would be appreciated more.

If a woman has plenty of money, then go as often as possible. But it seems rather foolish to spend money on pictures when one is short of money.

E. M. Foote, 58 Provost St., Nth. Adelaide.

Brighten lives

IT is certainly people whose lives are drab who feel the urge to frequent picture-shows.

To many it acts as a counter-irritant, but this is not understood by the majority who possess comfortable homes and a wireless.

Mrs. Z. Jennings, Ellenborough St., Ipswich, Qld.

Help at home

THE woman who was criticising the person for going twice a week to pictures probably thought that that amount of time and money spent on her home would make it less drab and miserable.

It could be a pleasant place in which to spend a few hours instead of a place one longed to escape from.

Mrs. R. Napier, 60 Beauchamp St., Marrickville, N.S.W.

Gives relaxation

IT is very unfair to even wishfully deny the hard-working woman her small enjoyment at the pictures. The outing gives the participant happy anticipation, brightens the day, and affords pleasant reflections the next day while plodding through her drab routine.

Mrs. J. Kay, Junction Rd., Moorebank, via Liverpool, N.S.W.

Through this page you can share your opinions. Write briefly, giving your views on any topical or controversial subject. Pen names are not permitted and letters must be original.

For the best letter published each week we award £1. and 2/6 for others. Address "So They Say," The Australian Women's Weekly. Enclose stamped envelope if unused letter is to be returned.

MOST IMPORTANT JOB

A VERY sophisticated young business woman, when asked her intentions of marrying, replied: "Definitely no. I have more important things to do with my life."

Was she right or wrong?

Are there more important things in life than marriage, or is marriage the most important job of all, requiring the most skilful guiding, capable management and a large amount of human philosophy?

Mrs. G. Flows, Ozone St., North Manly, N.S.W.

UGLY BADGES

A WORD of protest against the "next of kin" badges now being issued. To say that they are ugly, ungainly, and ill-designed is just to repeat a few of the politer adjectives I have heard used in their disparage.

Let us have something to wear of which we can be proud, and if mere men cannot design it then give women a chance, since they are to be the wearers.

Mrs. M. Wallis, 17 Stud Rd., Dandenong, Vic.

SAVE THESE STORIES

AS a frequent sufferer from hearing "bright" stories told by fond mothers about their children, I make a stern protest.

The child who says anything really amusing is rare.

While mothers persist in thinking that all their offsprings' utterances are "adorably cute" we will have to listen to them.

Most times the children are present, and they soon grow to look smug and self-satisfied.

Real wit is only for the mature mind.

J. N. Kennedy, High St., East Kew, Vic.

CORRECT GREETING

ARE there any words that give so much pleasure on being introduced to someone as "I am so pleased to meet you," and the warm hand-clasp that goes with them?

Why let convention mar your individuality?

Compare the formal bow and stilted "How do you do?" with this pleasant greeting.

Una Vernon, Denison St., West Tamworth, N.S.W.

Suggest friends should pay for photographs?

MANY people when shown a photograph will ask for one simply because they love hoarding (Mrs. Eadie, 17/5/41).

Very often it is put away and never glanced at again.

I agree that if friends really want a photograph they won't mind paying for it.

Other people like to see how much they can really get for nothing.

Mrs. A. W. Maundrell, Kulpi, Qld.

Passing interest

MAYBE well-meaning friends and relations would not have the same desire to possess photographs if they were presented with a ticket to pay for any required by them. They would then be in the same position as the subject—of knowing just how expensive photographs can be.

I think it is merely thoughtlessness and a desire to appear interested which urges people to make requests for copies of photos.

Miss Elaine McNamara, 49 Laverder St., North Sydney.

Not really wanted

DON'T give away studio photographs. They are not appreciated and are only a waste of money to the purchaser.

If anyone who wanted one paid for



Too generous a gift.

it the photographs would then only go to those who would really appreciate them and not to people who ask for them just for the sake of asking.

Mrs. V. Dixon, 18 Tennis Grove, North Caulfield, Vic.

No wholesale giving

PHOTOGRAPHS are not like circulars—to be handed round to whoever desires them.

In these modern days a person orders only one or two, and these are given to those that value them most—"our home" and a special friend.

Edith Dawson, 4a Liverpool St., Rose Bay, N.S.W.



Choose
Pelaco
Shirts

THEY'RE GOOD
THEY FIT...AND
THE PATTERNS
ARE SMARTER

Pelaco SHIRTS

WITH
SPOTWELDED
COLLARS

BUSINESS GIRL SAYS

A GOOD
COMPLEXION IS
SUCH AN ASSET
IN BUSINESS.
REXONA KEEPS
SKIN HEALTHY—
AND A HEALTHY
SKIN, OF COURSE,
IS A LOVELY SKIN



For more obstinate blemishes (which do not yield quickly to the Rexona Soap treatment) a combination treatment of Rexona Soap and Ointment is required. TREATMENT: Wash frequently with Rexona Soap. At night smear a little Rexona Ointment on the affected parts. This special treatment heals rapidly—leaves the skin clear and unmarked.

REXONA PROPRIETARY LIMITED



Skin beauty, through skin health, with Rexona—the only soap containing Cadyll, a special compound of health-giving medications. Rexona's specially medicated lather draws out the germ-laden impurities from the depths of the pores, guards against unlovely skin faults.

REXONA
IS MORE THAN A
BEAUTY SOAP—it's a
Complete Skin
Treatment

S.516.57

Why is she A Picture of HEALTH

SHE never "catches" colds or chills—simply because she keeps so fit and well. She makes light of difficulties, smiles her problems away. Her health precaution is simple, yet most effective—just a couple of Bile Beans nightly.

Bile Beans make for health and vitality. Purely vegetable, they tone you up, eliminate fat-forming food residue and ensure all-the-year-round fitness.

You can resist Winter ailments, feel fitter, look brighter and, at the same time, improve your figure by taking Bile Beans regularly.

1/4 & 3/2 A BOX

Each Night She Takes
BILE BEANS

EVAN WILLIAMS *Essential hair health!*
SHAMPOO.

If you have any difficulty in obtaining supplies, write R. G. Turney & Son, 206 Flinders Street, Melbourne.



"Since taking Bile Beans regularly, I have not put on an ounce of surplus fat anywhere. Bile Beans not only keep my figure attractively slim, but ensure splendid health all the year round."
—Miss A. Tate.

MAKE YOUR MONEY FIGHT!
BUY WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES

"I got rid of three pounds of excess fat per week and became lighter by two stones through taking Bile Beans regularly. My figure is again slim and youthful and my health is greatly improved."
—Mrs. S. A. Jewell.

Stand by for Orders

Continued from page 38

FORGETTING that Fritz was supposed to be our leader, I plunged straight on—until the taut rope brought me up with a jerk. Our guide had driven his ice-axe firmly into the snow, and was sitting tight.

"Get up, you quitter!" I snarled. Mimi echoed, interpreting. But Fritz didn't budge.

"He says the snow is treacherous beyond. He says we'll be too late to get back by dark."

"Other guides have been up this season, haven't they?"

"He admits all that. He even admits there's a well-marked path. But he says we should have brought a bivouac, and—"

I'd already taken out my clasp-knife and gone after him. When I'd slashed the rope off short I started off without even a backward glance to see how far Fritz had tobogganed. In fact, I was boiling so hard, I got quite a way before I realised I was dragging Mimi on one ear.

"Are you coming?" I asked. "Or shall I cut you loose, too?"

"Just let me get on my feet, Dan."

"Don't call me Dan."

"I have to call you something."

"Not to-day, you don't. Save your breath—you'll need it."

I didn't know until after how prophetic that remark was. In the first place, the top didn't get much nearer, after we'd been trudging towards it two hours. When we did fight our way to the first slope, the sun was right overhead, and the snow felt about as firm as melted butter.

You'd never believe snow could be so wet, without melting. Or that the sun could burn like August, so near the roof of the world. Especially with a banshee wind howling out of nowhere, filling our eyes with wet diamond-dust as we stepped in, hip-deep, falling back nine steps for every ten we gained.

It was all of one o'clock when we reached the ice-cap. Trying my best to follow Fritz's technique, I started cutting with my axe. Mimi was somewhere behind, following my crude steps. Most of the time she was dead weight on my diaphragm, as the rope went taut, and I knew, without looking back, that she was hanging with her toes pointed for Interlaken, a good mile and a half below. Then I'd dig in with teeth and nails, waiting for her to scramble for the next step—and we'd go on.

It's funny how nonchalant I felt. They say telescopes in three countries were trained on us that afternoon.

Some hardy pioneer had stuck a pole in a cairn of rocks at the top. At five minutes to two, I looped an arm round it, and sat down to breathe what oxygen there is at six thousand metres. Mimi sank down beside me, with a little shivering sigh. I was still too mad to look at her.

"I hope your father is satisfied now," I said.

"Dan, you're wonderful!"

"For the last time, don't call me Dan."

"All my life, I've wanted—"

"Don't you suppose I know now why you let me pick you up?"

"Those are rather harsh words, from one climber to another."

"Harsh, but honest."

"Haven't you enjoyed this little jaunt?"

"I haven't enjoyed anything half so much since I had typhoid. By you realise we're lucky to be alive?"

She listened, very quietly, while I told her the truth—from G.W.'s mistake on the train, right up to this freezing, sunburnt moment.

"So you're not a mountaineer at all?"

"And I'm not Dan Fraser, either. The name is Jack—and even step-ladders make me dizzy."

"And yet—here you are."

"It only proves what a man can do, if he's mad enough."

"Jack Fraser, I think you're the bravest—"

"Save those tender words," I replied. "My anger has cooled in this nice, fresh breeze. Don't forget, we still have to slide down."

But I didn't get any further—Mimi had put both arms round my neck, and kissed me. "Does that help?"

"Come along, you siren!" I snapped. "I'm taking you back to your father—as intact as possible."

That climb down still comes back to me on off-nights—and wakes me up screaming. Mountaineers will tell you that going down is easier than coming up—simply because you can see where you are putting your feet. But they'll also tell you, very carefully, that you must walk, not crouch—as I made the mistake of doing.

Mimi was leading when I went off balance; but I took her right with me. It was like sliding down a church steeple.

Don't ask me how I hooked in with the axe. Mimi doesn't weigh much over eight stone, so the rope didn't snap when I threw a belay over the pole. "Hang on, I'm going to haul you up here beside me," I told her grimly then. Doing it was another matter, but I made it, somehow. So help me, she didn't even look frightened.

"That was the biggest thrill of all, Jack. I got your name right that time, didn't I?"

I yanked her to her feet, on that ninety-degree slope. "After this, we'll walk one at a time. You first, I'll be the brakes."

Of course, it was her turn to skid, the next time; but we were nearly off the ice by then, so I skidded with her. Our feet were pointed straight for the snow. How much snow, I didn't know until too late, or how deep you can dive, when you're sliding that fast.

We didn't start more than a baby avalanche, really; and we weren't buried quite so deeply as the papers said. After all, Fritz could have



FOR THIS trimly-tailored suit Digby Morton uses an exquisite tweed of khaki, blue, and petunia check. The skirt is cut on the cross and has pleats at the back.

hardly dug the whole mountain off our backs in time to keep us from smothering.

I'll never tell you how he clawed his way up that mountain—a rescue party of one. Or how he carried me down the glacier, before I opened my eyes. Mimi had my head in her lap when that event occurred. What's more, she hadn't lost her smile.

Fraser, Stahlberren.—What have you done to my daughter? Wright, Rome.—Please fire me immediately. Wire answer Paris office, Fraser.

Fraser, Paris.—What are you doing in Paris and where is Mimi? Wright, Rome.—She has me cornered in the Cafe de la Paix, you double-crossing hyena. Fraser.

Fraser, Paris.—Who are you calling a double-crosser? Wright.

Wright, Rome.—Accusation retracted now you are my father-in-law. Wire your blessing to Branch Office, Marseilles. Jack and Mimi.

Fraser, Marseilles.—Sit tight until I get there. Thought your name was Dan, Wright.

Wright, Rome.—Don't worry. Dad, we have climbed our last mountain.

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TEETH in PERFECT CONDITION—AFTER THOUSANDS of YEARS!

TEETH WITH WHICH OUR EARLIEST ANCESTORS CHEWED THEIR SUCCESSION SLICES OF SHAGGY BEAR ARE STILL BEING UNEARTHED ALL OVER THE WORLD, ALWAYS IN PERFECT CONDITION. IT IS OUR MODERN, SOFT, STARCHY FOODS THAT CAUSE DENTAL DECAY. PARTICLES STAY WEDGED BETWEEN TEETH—BECOME BREEDING GROUNDS FOR BACTERIA. KOLYNOS KILLS DENTAL DECAY GERMS, KEEPS TEETH SURGICALLY CLEAN.

DO YOU KNOW?

POSSessor OF BUDDHA'S TOOTH HAS RIGHT TO GOVERN CEYLON!

NATIVES OF CEYLON BELIEVE THIS! THEY DID NOT RESIST OCCUPATION WHEN ENGLISH GAINED POSSESSION OF THIS TOOTH IN 1815.

KOLYNOS IS DENTAL RIGHT UP BETWEEN YOUR TEETH, CLEANS AWAY FOOD DEPOSITS THAT START DENTAL DECAY AND "BACTERIAL MOUTH." AFTER KOLYNOS YOUR TEETH ARE SURGICALLY AND ANTISEPTICALLY CLEAN.

KOLYNOS IS MORE ECONOMICAL TOO

IT LASTS TWICE AS LONG AS ORDINARY TOOTH PASTE. HALF INCH ON A DRY BRUSH IS PLENTY.

THE TONGUE OF A SNAIL IS EQUIPPED WITH THOUSANDS OF TEETH.

TO BE BORN WITH TEETH IS A SIGN OF FUTURE GREATNESS. HISTORY TELLS OF MANY GREAT MEN WITH THIS PECULIARITY—e.g. NAPOLEON, HENRY VIII AND CAESAR.

NAPOLEON, HENRY VIII AND CAESAR BORN with TEETH!

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM 1/3 AND 2/

WRITTEN IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY
JUNE MARSDEN

People born under the sign of Gemini have earned rather a bad name because of their tendency to flirt.

THE majority of those born between May 22 and June 22 will indignantly refute this assertion, but it is true nevertheless, even if not in all cases.

The fact is that they are so quick-witted, and have such inquisitive, investigating minds, that they almost unconsciously lead others on.

They are always curious and want to test the reactions of the people they meet. They may mean little by their actions, but those attracted to them are not aware of their peculiarities, and when they find they have been hurt they get very angry, to the surprise of Geminians, who imagine themselves greatly misjudged.

Even after marriage many Geminians like to go in for mild flirtations, to the righteous indignation of their partners. They must remember that they must not needlessly hurt loved ones.

Incidentally, all Geminians should have avocations as well as vocations, and preferably let them be hobbies which allow full use of the mind and the brain at the same time.

People of this sign must be kept interested and busy for the sake of their own happiness and the happiness of their partners.

The Daily Diary

UTILISE the following information in your daily affairs. It should prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): A moderately successful time for most Arians just now. Begin new ventures, make changes and other semi-important activities on June 8 (after dusk), 9 and 10 (daylight).

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): Just a week of days for most Taurians, but they should be constructively used to build up past gains. June 7 and 8 poor; June 10 (after 5 p.m.), 11 and 12 (daylight) just fair.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Keep busy, for the stars still favor you considerably. Wise and diligent Geminians may achieve much, especially on or through affairs started on June 12 (night), 13 and 14. Seek advancement, favors, changes; start new enterprises or journeys.

CANCER (June 22 to July 22): Better times ahead soon, so plan ahead. Meanwhile get all unimportant matters out of the way and under control. June 7, 8 (to dusk), and 13 just fair.

LEO (July 23 to August 23): Many Leonians can turn the coming week to very fair account by being exceptionally diligent, wise, and enthusiastic. June 8 (after sundown), 9, and 10 moderately helpful.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Don't take any risks at this time. On a wary rash, or foolish Virgoans are likely to get themselves into trouble. Be especially cautious on June 10 (p.m.), 9, 10, and 15. Try to avoid changes, arguments, delays, obstacles, and worries.

LIBRA (September 24 to October 24): Don't waste time. Your stars will help most of you, especially if you have constructive plans ready for putting into operation, and if you are diligent, wise, optimistic, and sensibly cautious. Particularly good days are June 12 (late), 13 and 14. Work hard.

SCORPIO (October 25 to November 23): Begin to plan constructively, for the time draws nearer when your stars should befriend most of you for the first time for ages. Wisdom, understanding, resourcefulness and good plans will help immensely. Meanwhile, June 7, 8 (to sunset), and 13 just fair.

SAGITTARIUS (November 24 to December 23): Take care what you do at this time, for that hastiness and gambling spirit of yours are likely to land you into trouble. Be especially wise, cautious, and keep to routine affairs on June 7 (late), 9, 10, and 15.

CAPRICORN (December 24 to January 20): Just an unspectacular week for most Capricornians. Get really urgent matters started within the next week or so, for thereafter these must not be attempted. June 10 (evening), 11 and 12 best, but weak.

AQUARIUS (January 21 to February 19): Have constructive plans ready and set them in motion on June 12 (after 2 p.m.), 13, and 14, for the stars favor most Aquarians then. Avoid over-confidence, but strive for desired goals just the same. Your chance of success is good.

PISCES (February 20 to March 21): Difficult days ahead for unwary Pisceans, so try to keep to routine tasks, and to avoid changes, arguments, difficulties, delays, and general worry and upset. Be especially careful on June 8 (p.m.), 9, 10, and 15. Love quietly then.

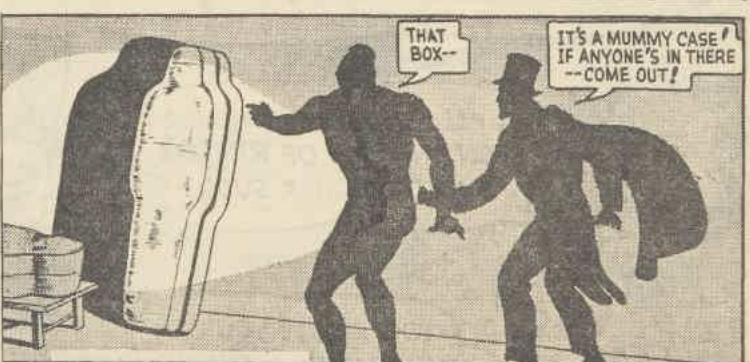
[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained therein. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician, with **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, has accepted the invitation of **DR. WHITE:** Of the Orient Museum, to investigate the mystery of the Walking Mummy, despite that **MR. BENDAR:** Assistant curator, scoffs at the story. Accompanied by

SONNY WHITE: Daughter of Dr. White, they enter the museum at night. Noises are heard and after Lothar has had a "tussle" with what turned out to be a plaster statue Sonny sees something moving in the dark and sets off her flashlight camera. **NOW READ ON:**



MANDRAKE BOOK No. 2 . . . Now on sale at all newsagents . . . DON'T MISS IT!

Without Pardon

Continued from page 5

IN silence, Zilla considered her father's words, then she continued: "He had R.E. on his luggage label." "I don't think he did any work with the Royal Engineers; he was in the Intelligence Department. I know, because the captain of one of our ships had to take him up to Amoy. He was shown on the books as the representative of an American oil company."

Zilla sat thoughtful for a minute. "Would that explain the wall?" she asked.

"How?" "He may be doing some secret work in England and not want anybody to know about it."

"You may be right," Captain Maule said. "Here we are." He drew up in front of their villa.

Sir Walter Blacket sat at his desk in London considering an office file marked "Secret." The top

document on his file recorded that Major P. H. Ferney, British I.O., Hongkong, had applied for and been granted six months' leave. Another file lay in a tray. This file was labelled:

"MOST SECRET."

The W.F. Organisation."

In front of Sir Walter, Major P. H. Ferney sat in an easy chair, which appeared to be padded with tin-tacks.

Sir Walter's pale, skull-like face was unmoved, his deep-set blue eyes expressionless, his voice quiet, as he asked: "How did you happen to be carrying the names of the Wu-Pi organisation in your pocket when you went to the Shanghai Club?" "I intended to make contact with our agents in the morning, sir."

"But you had the paper on your person the evening before?"

"Yes, sir; I thought it safer to

carry it than leave it at the hotel."

"You went on from the Shanghai Club to a cabaret with a friend?"

"Yes, sir."

"You drank some champagne, I dare say, in addition to what you had had at the club?"

"Yes, sir."

"And while you were at the cabaret your pocket was picked?"

Ferney nodded and looked at the floor.

Sir Walter consulted the file in the tray. "The result of this was that three Chinese members of the Wu-Pi organisation working in ports under Japanese control are now dead."

Ferney kept his head down.

The Intelligence Chief massaged his hollow cheeks. "When you were seconded to work for us, Major

Ferney, I impressed upon you that you would be given a corps of agents whose lives would be literally in your hands. I also told you that the British Secret Service owes its strength to its reputation for never betraying the men that work for it. I told you one other thing . . ."

Sir Walter sat back, sinking his chin in his collar, looking really venomous. "I told you that, just as cowardice in battle is punishable by death, so in Secret Service work there is one unpardonable crime—carelessness! Have you anything to say?"

Major Ferney had nothing to say. He was out on his ear and he knew it.

The interview with the official of the British Intelligence Service took place on the morning of the day he travelled down to Pyehampton in the same carriage with Zilla Maule. A good deal had happened before this. Three attempts had been made upon the major's life in China. He knew why. The attempts, spread over a period of weeks, dated from the time when the members of the Wu-Pi organisation, betrayed through his carelessness, had been arrested and executed by the Japanese.

As he was to talk the Chinese language, living as he had done among the Chinese people, Major Ferney's knowledge of the character of the ancient race was considerable. The Wu-Pi organisation, which he had taken over when he was appointed British Intelligence officer in the Far East, was a smooth-working machine, with agents skilfully placed at vital points along the coast, whose information was effective and reliable.

It was a great pity he had had two or three drinks in the Shanghai Club and allowed his pocket to be picked. To discredit the British, the Japanese spread a report that the list of names of the Wu-Pi organisation had been sold to them. Certainly the Chinese thought this was what had happened. The sequel was inevitable. No one familiar with Chinese mentality will need to be told what it was. In China the penalty for a double-cross is the same as in the American underworld.

Nothing happened immediately. The Chinese are always content to wait, but though the first three attempts upon his life were unsuccessful, Major Ferney knew he must lose in the end.

Gradually his nerve broke. Ling, his number one boy, was responsible for this. There was no one in the world Ferney trusted as implicitly as Ling. It was Ling who had told him of the plans of the Wu-Pi. Ling said that he had heard that the manner of Major Ferney's death had been decided on. He was to be killed in his sleep. The major, who had to stay on in China until he could be relieved, did not sleep so well after this. When he was nearly demented with insomnia he said to Ling: "How do you know I'll be safe when I get to England?"

"You build a big I'll a'lound house," Ling suggested.

To the Chinese a wall symbolises safety.

At the time the major thought the idea was good. He telegraphed orders home for the wall to be built round Pyehampton Manor.

LATER he was to become secretly ashamed of what he had done. This was during his voyage home as a passenger in a cruiser under the special facilities granted by the navy to British officers returning on leave. He felt safe in the cruiser, slept well, recovered his nerve.

After the interview with Sir Walter Blacket he left London wondering if the friends of the men whose lives he had lost might not try to get him even in England. Travelling down with the pretty girl in the train took his mind off his troubles and he went to his house looking forward to meeting her again after tea.

Zilla made her way to the beach by a footpath running through meadows behind her home. She walked slowly, delighting in the smell of the grass, the wild flowers, and the hot evening sun. She came to the end of the path through the meadows and stood upon the cliff. Her hut lay immediately below, the third from the end. She looked to see if anyone was bathing opposite the Manor House; there was no one in the sea.

On the sand a man lay flat on his back. Zilla could not see his face, but a look at the thick hair and long legs convinced her this was Major Ferney.

Zilla sat down on the sand. "Well, did you find your house ready for you?"

"One room is. Ling has fixed me up a bed, he also has brought food with him. I shall be all right till Monday."

"Ling is a cook as well as a chauffeur?"

"Ling is everything," Ferney said. "What about going in while the sun is still hot enough to sit and dry in? Do you come down like that?"

"Yes, I walk back in my wrap. I have two meadows to cross and I am home." Zilla began to pull on a rubber cap, rose-colored to match her swimming trunks and brassiere. Standing up she dropped her wrap to the ground, ran down the beach and dived into the sea. Ferney followed, striking out with a strong overhand stroke.

"Lovely, isn't it?" Zilla called.

They swam together, making a big half-circle that brought them back to shore, then scrambled up to where their wraps and towels lay and began drying their faces.

"What are you going to do this evening?" he asked.

"Have supper with my family, take the dog for a walk, and so to bed."

"Where does the dog have his walk?"

She pointed behind. "Along the cliffs."

She wondered if he would come out again that evening to meet her; getting up, she pulled her wrap round her shoulders. "You go back to your fort."

He laughed, but did not say anything.

The sun was sinking. "I must be getting back," Zilla said. "You can go along the beach; there are steps up the cliff leading right to the door of your house."

"Convenient for anybody coming to see me by boat," Ferney said.

"Very. Have you got any friends with yachts?"

Ferney laughed again. "You want to know an awful lot. Well, I'll be seeing you this evening. S'long."

Please turn to page 43

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Without Pardon

Continued from page 42

CAPTAIN MAULE was mowing his lawn when Zilla got home, and Zilla went into the house to help her mother prepare supper. "Did you see your friend?" Mrs. Maule asked. A glance at her daughter's face gave the answer; Zilla's blue eyes were alive.

Captain Maule came in wiping his forehead. He was carrying a tankard which he filled from a cask in a corner of the larder.

"Major Ferney has been bathing with me," Zilla said.

"Oh," said the captain, taking a pull at his beer, which tasted extra good because he was not generally allowed to sit and drink in the kitchen.

"Dad, do you think he is afraid of something happening to him?"

"Why should he be?"

"Well, you said he was in the Intelligence Service."

"That's right; pretty good man at his job, so I heard."

"Well, I think that is why he has built the wall. He is afraid of somebody."

The captain passed his hand over his weather-seamed neck. "Here? In England?"

"Yes."

"What could happen?"

"I don't know."

Captain Maule took another pull of beer. "If he got mixed up on the wrong side of the Chinks he might have had to come away; they are a run race—memories like elephants, no good trying to do the dirty on 'em." The captain eyed his tankard, which was empty, and also his wife, who was moving between the kitchen and the parlor laying the table.

Zilla knew what was in his mind; she waited till her mother's back was turned, then took the tankard quietly, half filled it, and set it by the old sailor.

"Would it have been possible for Major Ferney to have done something when he was doing Intelligence work which made the Chinese angry?" she asked.

"He might have."

"And then they would punish him?"

Captain Maule laughed. "You've got that man on your mind. No, I don't think they would try anything like that here. A Chink may get knifed occasionally in the side streets by the docks, but they would not try anything with an Englishman unless he had done something awful bad; they'd wait and get him when he went back to China."

"I see."

"Supper is ready," Mrs. Maule called.

Zilla and her father went into the parlor.

"You are eating very quickly, dear," Mrs. Maule said.

Zilla looked up. "Am I? It's such a lovely evening I want to get out."

Ferney was waiting for her when she got out on to the cliffs. It was nearly dark, a moon was rising.

"Which way shall we go?" he asked.

"I generally go that way," Zilla said, pointing to a path along the edge of the cliff that ran past his house.

"All right." He threw back his head. "What an evening! This must be something to look forward to when you are working in London all the week."

"It is."

They walked along side by side. "I've been out here a long time," Ferney said. "I did not want to miss you."

Zilla was looking ahead at the

outline of Pyehampton Manor. Though it was bright moonlight, all four arc lights were blazing at the corners of the building. The wall stood out more starkly than usual.

They came abreast the great double oak doors; these were closed. Zilla looked up at the house. A moment later she caught her breath; a yellow face was peering at them from the roof.

Her hand gripped Ferney's arm.

"There is someone on the roof!"

Ferney looked up. Zilla, watching his face, saw the change that came over it. A few moments before he had been pleased to be with her, serene, contented. Now his mouth was taut, his whole expression grim.

"That is Ling," he said.

"On the roof?"

Ferney nodded. "Something must have happened. I must go into my house for a minute. Will you wait out here?"

Zilla said that she would. She stood where she was while Ferney took a key from his pocket and unlocked a small door in the great oak gate. He passed through the door, leaving it ajar.

Ten minutes passed, no sound came from the house, the arc lights blazed at the corners, there was no sign of movement on the roof. Standing under the shadow of the wall Zilla became obsessed with misgiving. Why the silence? Why did not Ferney come back? She looked round for her terrier. The little dog had been back a couple of times, but had gone off rabbiting again.

Another five minutes passed; she decided to go into the house to find out what had happened.

She made her way through the

door in the gate and walked up the drive to the front door, which stood open. She saw now that, except for the arc lights, the house was in darkness. Her first idea was to call Ferney by name; then she thought that if anything had happened to him she would be heard by anyone else in the house. A better plan would be to steal into the hall and listen. In that way she might learn something, and she would also be able to run out and get help.

Treading softly in her rubber-soled shoes she crept into the hall, making towards a patch of moonlight shining through a window.

She was half-way down the hall when she saw a figure standing against the wall just beyond the patch of light. She stopped instantly. "Who is there?" she whispered.

No reply.

She drew back against the wall and stood watching the figure. The moonlight coming through the window was creeping along the wall. In a few moments the figure would be lit up. There was still no sign of Major Ferney, or any sound.

Zilla waited, watching the beam of moonlight. First the figure's right shoulder was revealed; she saw a long coat embroidered with gold, trousers peeping beneath. From costumes she had seen on the stage she knew the embroidered coat was part of a Chinese ceremonial dress. A moment later she realised what she was looking at. A round black silk cap, surmounted by a coral button, was perched above the coat. Both coat and cap were fixed on a wire frame; they formed part of a collection of Chinese art with which the hall was filled.

Please turn to page 44

What's the Answer?

Test your knowledge on these questions:

- 1—Just the weather for soup! And in case you decide on consommé, you'd better know that this is Thick soup—clear soup.
- 2—Incidentally, though it is certainly NOT spring, you'll probably have no trouble in supplying the line which follows
"In the spring a luveller iris changes on the burnish'd dove."
- 3—Foreign politics do change like a kaleidoscope, but maybe you can remember that Count Teleki, whose death occurred in April, was Premier of Rumania—Hungarian Foreign Minister—Yugoslavian Foreign Minister—Prime Minister of Bulgaria.
- 4—"Here comes the bride!" And she walks up the aisle on her father's Right arm—left arm.
- 5—Did you realise that you have just passed the anniversary of the "Glorious First of June," which commemorates
The defeat of the Spanish Armada—Blake's defeat of Van Tromp—Wolfe's capture of Quebec—Lord Howe's victory over the French Fleet—Marlborough's victory at Blenheim.
- 6—Maybe you once knew a little boy called Algy, but when a scientist speaks of Algae he means Winged insects—fossils—jungus plants—seaweeds and other water plants—birds' nests.
- 7—Using the metric system, you measure liquids in Grammes—decades—litres—hectogrammes—millicules.
- 8—Nice workers, those two brilliant Cunninghams, Admiral Sir Andrew Cunningham, the Commander-in-Chief of the Mediterranean Fleet, and General Sir Alan Cunningham, General Officer Commanding the British forces in East Africa. The two men are Brothers—cousins—uncle and nephew—no relation.
- 9—While we're cruising round the Mediterranean, just about how high is the Rock of Gibraltar? 1800 feet—2104 feet—1763 feet—987 feet—1349 feet.
- 10—A word about those bears that are to be found not at the Zoo but at the Stock Exchange. They're concerned with
Buying shares in hope of a rise of price—selling shares for future delivery.

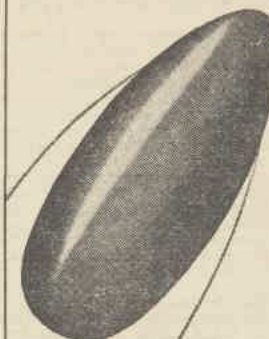
Answers on page 44

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Actual Statement by
Megan Edwards
Starring in Angora's Film "That Certain Something" Distributed by R.K.O. Radio

AND HERE'S LUX TOILET SOAP MAKING MY SKIN SOFT AND SWEET. NO WONDER LOVELY FILM STARS, BOTH IN AUSTRALIA AND HOLLYWOOD, USE IT, AND HOW IT LASTS!



Without Pardon

Continued from page 43

SHE stepped forward; as she did so she heard footsteps, but labored. One—thump—pause—two. Like that! And they were coming down some stairs.

She looked again at the mandarin's hat and robes; in a few moments the moonlight would have passed, leaving them in semi-darkness. The footsteps continued to descend the stairs, one—thump—pause—two. Someone was dragging something down.

Looking to her right, Zilla saw the door leading to the main gate. There was no other way of getting in or out, for the twelve-foot wall ran the whole way round. Whoever left the house must pass along the hall.

An idea came to her. She was a trained model, used to holding a pose for long periods. If she put on the mandarin's dress!

One—thump—pause—two. The footsteps were at the bottom of the stairs. She slipped on the Chinese coat and hat and drew back against the wall.

A few more moments passed, then a bowed figure shuffled nearer, walking backwards, dragging something. The figure paused when it came into the moonlight and crouched like a trapped animal, listening.

Zilla grew rigid as she saw Ling bending over Major Ferney, gagged and tied with cords. As long as she kept motionless, she knew that he would think it was the man-

darin's costume in the shadows. His intention was obviously to drag his master from the house. She would let him do this. On the cliff there might be people within earshot; in the house she had no chance against the Chinaman alone.

The procession passed. Zilla remained where she was. She watched the Chinaman pull Ferney along the drive and out through the little gate. He could only move a few steps at a time. Now her turn had come. She slipped off the mandarin's coat and followed quietly. In the gateway she paused. Ling was working his victim over the grass towards the steps leading down to the sea.

Suddenly a tiny object scampered out from some bushes. There was a shrill bark—another. Those who do ill by night dread nothing so much as the barking of a dog. Ling dropped his burden and drew back. Zilla rushed out. "Good dog! Seize him!" she called to the terrier, then cupped her hands and yelled "Help!"

Lights went on in a house nearby. Figures came running along the cliff. Without a word, Ling turned and ran.

"He stunned me as I climbed on to the roof," Ferney said. "Then he was going to drag me down to the beach and drown me. He would have taken the cords away when I was dead; they were tied over my clothes so there would have been no marks."

He had told her the whole story. This was just the end.

"Was he in the pay of the people who were trying to kill you?" Zilla asked.

"He may have been."

"Then why didn't he kill you when you were in China?"

"Perhaps they did not want to kill me too quickly. To stop a man from sleeping is quite a good punishment, you know. Then I surprised them by going home in a cruiser. Ling came with me, but he had to wait."

"He'll be charged with attempted murder now."

"Not if you do as I told you. You will tell the police you were walking along the cliff when you found me chasing him out of the house; he had been insolent to me. He will be sent back to China."

Zilla had certainly had these orders about what she was to say if the police came to her after picking up Ling. Her instructions had amazed her. She said: "I should have thought he ought to be put on trial for the sake of justice."

"For the sake of justice?" Major Ferney looked at the ground. He was thinking of his chief's words: "In Secret Service work there is one unpardonable crime—carelessness! Have you anything to say?"

"No, for the sake of justice, I am going to let Ling go," she said.

"Why?" Zilla asked.

Ferney did not answer at once. He was thinking he had caused three men to lose their lives. His carelessness had been so gross that he knew it was he who had been the criminal. Trials for attempted murder are not held in camera.

Looking at Zilla he explained: "Ling is only acting according to his creed. I shall talk to him, tell him I did not sell his people as they think—that I did a very stupid thing. Perhaps that will end the vendetta. After all, most people make at least one big mistake in their lives. Then I want to start again; go back to the work I was trained to do. Maybe they will give me a Field Company; I'm not a bad engineer."

"I think you are right," Zilla said slowly.

"Do you think I'm yellow?"

"No. I think what you said about everybody making one big mistake is true; we all do."

"Thank you. There is something else I want to say. It is this." He took her hand. "I don't want to start again alone." (Copyright)

The answer is—

- 1—Clear soup.
- 2—"In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love."
- 3—Hungarian Foreign Minister.
- 4—Left arm.
- 5—Lord Howe's defeat of the French Fleet.
- 6—Seaweeds and other water plants.
- 7—Litres.
- 8—Brothers.
- 9—1349 feet.
- 10—Selling shares for future delivery.

Questions on page 43



RITA PAUNCEFORT, Enid Lorrimer, John Bedosin, and Low Vernon in a scene from 2GB's new serial, "King's Cross Flats."

Radio player writes his own songs

Songs which he has composed himself will be the main feature of the new Jack Davey session from 2GB. "Morning Tea with Jack Davey" will be heard each week from Monday to Thursday at 11 a.m.

THE session will be one of the series which has been called "On the Hour," and which has been planned as special entertainment for housewives.

There will be a featured programme on the stroke of each hour from 9 a.m. to 4 p.m.

The new programme presentation has been planned to make daytime radio doubly attractive for women at home, and at the same time simplify the presentation to make it easy for the housewife to combine her work and her listening interludes.

"We discussed the position with many women," said the general manager of 2GB, Mr. Horner, "before finally deciding to use the hourly chimes of the Sydney G.P.O. as a signal. In future, commencing from nine o'clock, we will broadcast the hourly chimes from the G.P.O., and follow immediately in each case with at least one quarter-hour of dramatic and musical entertainment."

"The remainder of the programme will be harmonised to provide con-

tinuity of entertainment and domestic information, and the "On the Hour" schedule will accentuate the general atmosphere of the complete presentation.

"Our aim actually is to have the G.P.O. chimes as a signal to the housewife. We want her to feel that whenever she hears the chimes of the G.P.O. through 2GB she can sit down and be entertained with a bright programme."

The new "On the Hour" daytime programme schedule on 2GB will be as follows:

9 a.m., "Hymns of all Churches," Monday to Friday; 10 a.m., "East Lynne," Monday to Friday; 11 a.m., "Morning Tea With Jack Davey," Monday to Thursday; 12 noon, wide range music (Mrs. Stelzer), Monday to Friday; 1 p.m., "King's Cross Flats," Monday to Thursday; 2 p.m., "Chasing Your Troubles Away" (Ellis Price), Monday to Thursday; 3 p.m., wide range music (Frank Sturge Hart), Monday to Friday; 4 p.m., "I Want a Divorce," Monday to Wednesday.

On Thursday, "I Want a Divorce" is replaced by "The Radio Matinee" broadcast from 3.45 to 4.15 p.m.

'FLU AT THE WHEEL!



A fit of sneezing... watery eyes... blurred vision... all of these can cause accidents when you're driving. 'Flu at the wheel' often means disaster! If you drive a car regularly, then keep your head above the 'flu line. Drink plenty of Bonox—hot, steaming Bonox. Bonox pours new strength into your bloodstream—gives you a lift when you need it most. Bonox raises your resistance, and keeps your head above the 'flu line. So drop into any cafe, hotel or milk bar for a steaming cupful of Bonox. Buy a bottle on your way home.

SPRING FLOWERS . . . and autumn berries

● Although the beautiful flowering hawthorn, which is such a conspicuous feature of the English landscape in spring, does not do well in Australia, except in high altitudes, we have several beautiful substitutes.

—Says OUR HOME GARDENER



SPIRAEA GRACILIS, one of the showiest of shrubs. For weeks during the spring it produces long, slender sprays of single white bloom.

KNOWN as May through out Great Britain, the hawthorn, which is very thorny, is largely displaced in the warmer parts of Australia by a bush that imitates it very closely and is known as spiraea (variety gracilis).

Unlike its English cousin the spiraea is not followed by big bunches of brilliant red berries, but there are others that are, which may be used as substitutes for the real thing.

In the accompanying picture spiraea gracilis, with its long, slender sprays of single white bloom, is seen in all its beauty. This exquisite shrub flowers for weeks during spring, and if given a prominent position to itself, or mixed with more colorful species such as azaleas, or fronted by valerian, cinerarias, ranunculi, or marigolds, is very showy.

Another member of the spiraea family that is worth while in any shrubbery is Anthony Waterer (a crimson variety), which is more or less dwarf but very bright.

The dwarf spiraea prunifolia, small-flowered and double, and the single and double Reevesianas are also very useful for brightening up the garden in the springtime.

Other spring-flowering shrubs that will flower fairly well and later provide plenty of colorful berries are any of the crataegus family, particularly the varieties azarolus, carrierei, cordata, crugalis, mexicana, oxyantha and crenulata, coccinea and Gibbsii.

Scarlet berries

CRATAEGUS GIBBSII has white flowers followed by large crops of scarlet berries in autumn. Actually this is more of a small tree than a shrub, and is very hardy.

Although most of the berried shrubs bear very insignificant flowers, their fruit is brilliant and decorative, and therefore more than compensatory.

Berries, in most cases, are stripped by the birds, but the right-thinking gardener would not deprive his or her feathered friends of this well-earned food, which, after all, was put on earth for that very purpose.

Berberis darwinii is a berry-bearing shrub which provides both good blossom and bright fruit. In springtime the millions of golden yellow flowers, which are followed in autumn by plum-colored berries in profusion, make an ideal combination.

There are many others in the same family, some of which have bluish-black fruits.

Ochna is another attractive shrub. A few weeks ago it provided the garden with myriads of sweetly-perfumed yellowed blossoms, and bright, red-tipped and tinged foliage.

When the flowers fade they are replaced by peculiar collared berries, green outside and red in the middle, which gradually turn blue, mauve, and then black. This shrub is more or less deciduous in cold climates, but in the warmer districts is almost evergreen.

The chokeberry is another lovely deciduous shrub which bears conspicuous white, hawthorn-like flowers in spring, and bunches of purple berries in autumn. Its autumn-tinted foliage is also very beautiful. Its botanical name is aronia, and it will grow in any good garden soil.

The dogwood or cornus family includes many lovely berry-bearing varieties. Most of them carry enormous crops of white flowers in spring. Some of these shrubs get

a trifle straggly if neglected, and cornus nuttallii will reach 50ft. in a suitable position in a cold climate. This variety has creamy-white bracts. Sanguinea is another dogwood which bears blue-black fruit and very vivid autumn foliage.

The pink berry (cyathodes) is a native of Tasmania, and very colorful despite its dwarf habit. Like many plants that come from Tasmania, it will grow in poor soil.

Cotoneasters are also highly ornamental shrubs, although their flowers are not of much importance in the spring. They, too, make up for it

in the autumn, when their long sprays of blood-red berries are of lasting beauty.

Leycesteria formosa, or pheasant berry, grows from 4ft. to 8ft., and bears beautiful purple-and-white bell-shaped flowers which are followed by purple berries in autumn.

In strong contrast to this plant is the snowberry (Symphoricarpos), which is one of the few shrubs bearing pure white berries. The flowers are very small and nothing to look at, but a well-pruned, well-sprayed, clean snowberry bush when covered with berries is a thing of beauty.

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Prizes for these Recipes

EVERY week first prize of £1 is awarded for the best recipe received in our weekly best recipe competition, and 2/6 consolation prize is awarded for every other recipe published.

To enter, simply write out your recipe, attach name and address and send to this office.

GISSY SAUSAGES

Wash and remove mild-ribs from the big, firm leaves of a cabbage. Cook in slightly salted water until tender but firm. Remove and allow to dry.

Mix 1½ cups breadcrumbs, ½ cup grated cheese, 1 cup chopped apples, 1 cup stoned prunes, 1 cup chopped cooked veal. Add 2 tablespoons melted butter, moisten with a little gravy and season with salt, pepper and a pinch of marjoram.

Place two tablespoons stuffing on each cabbage leaf, roll into neat rolls 4 inches long, and pack together in a casserole. Pour over a cup of cream or milk.

Cook slowly until sausages are lightly browned.

Serve with tiny bacon rolls fried crisp.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. George Delmenico, Lyndaville, Waitchie, Vic.

● All entries in our weekly best recipe competition — an exciting contest open to all our readers. Just write out your favorite recipe and send it to us. You may win a cash prize for it.

ROAST PORK WITH ORANGE-STUFFED APPLES

Four pounds loin pork, 1 orange, 6 apples, 2 cups sugar, 1½ cups water, 1 cup vinegar, 1 teaspoon ground cinnamon.

Peel orange and separate into sections. Remove cores from apples and stuff centres with orange sections. Put sugar, water, vinegar,

MISS PRECIOUS MINUTES says: Always buy jugs with wide mouths and smooth inside surfaces. They are easy to clean and to keep hygienic. The jugs shown here are a good type.



and cinnamon into saucepan and bring to boil. Boil gently until thick syrup is formed. Stick surface of pork and apples with whole cloves. Arrange apples in baking dish around pork. Bake all together for 1½ hours or until cooking of pork is completed. (Allow ½ hour to every pound.) Baste apples and pork from time to time with syrup.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. C. Foster, c/o Box 4, Batmsdale, Vic.

IRAK CURRY

(Made by natives of Irak)

Six lamb chops, 1 tablespoon dripping or butter, 1 cup water, 1 cup dried apricots, 1 cup prunes, 1 cup walnut meats in halves, 1 cup navy beans, 1 cup raisins, 1 heaped desiccated curry powder, slices of half a lime or lemon, or pomegranate seeds.

Soak prunes, apricots, raisins, and beans for several hours. Then brown lamb chops in the fat and allow to stew for about 15 minutes, adding more fat if required. Then add salt, apricots, prunes, walnuts, raisins and beans. Let this simmer over a low heat for about two hours more. During the last hour add curry powder and lemon slices.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. R. Fancourt, 185 Walker St., North Sydney.

BAKED PUMPKIN CUPS WITH HONEYSOOTH SAUCE

One cup self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon nutmeg, 1 teaspoon ground cloves, 2 tablespoons butter, 1 cup brown sugar, 1 cup mashed pumpkin, 1 tablespoon milk, 1 egg.

Sift flour, salt, and spices. Cream butter, add sugar, and beat till light and creamy. Add egg, beat and stir in mixed dry ingredients alternately with pumpkin and milk. Mix well, bake in large greased patty-tins or pudding-cups for 20 minutes in a moderate oven, and serve hot with honeyscoteh sauce.

Honeyscoteh Sauce: One cup honey, 1 cup butter, 2 tablespoons cornflour, 1 cup boiling water, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon salt.

Melt butter in saucepan, remove from heat; add cornflour and stir till smooth. Add honey and water and boil 5 to 7 minutes, stirring constantly. Add lemon juice and serve hot.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss M. H. McIntosh, 345 King William St., Adelaide.

DIGGER'S DREAM CAKE

Cream 1-3rd cup butter and 1 cup sugar till very light; beat in 2 egg-yolks, add 2-3rds cup strong cold coffee and 2 tablespoons cocoa dissolved in a little hot water. Stir well. Add 1 teaspoon vanilla, then 2 cups self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon ground cloves, 1 teaspoon mixed spice, pinch salt (sifted well together).

Mix well, fold in stiffly-beaten egg-whites, pour into greased sandwich tins and bake 1 hour in moderate oven.

Filling: Cream 1½ tablespoons butter with 2½ cups icing sugar, add 2½ tablespoons cocoa, 4 tablespoons strong hot coffee and pinch salt, stir till smooth and spread between layers and on top and sides of cake.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Les Wheatley, Russell Ave., Faulconbridge, Blue Mountains, N.S.W.

APPLE AND MELON JAM

Six pounds melon, 6 medium-sized Granny Smith apples, 5½lb. sugar, juice of 1 lemon.

Dice melon, sprinkle with ½ cup sugar and let stand overnight in china or enamel utensil. Next morning cut apples into cubes or slices as preferred, add to melon and cook till apple is clear. Add lemon juice and remainder of sugar (heated). Cook briskly till a little on a saucer will tell in a few minutes. Bottle while hot, using hot jars.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. J. Taylor, 69 Maughan St., Wellington, N.S.W.

LIVER ROLLS WITH LEMON SAUCE

Wash well 1½lb. lamb's liver. Put in pan, barely cover with water and simmer till tender. Drain off water, mince liver and add 1 cup fine breadcrumbs, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, a little grated lemon rind, salt and pepper. Bind with beaten egg.

Cut rinds off required number of bacon rashers, spread liver mixture thickly on each. Roll up, skewer firmly, and bake for 1 hour in a moderate oven.

Lemon Sauce: Melt 1 tablespoon butter in small pan, stir in 1 tablespoon flour. When smooth, cook for 2 minutes. Blend in 1½ cups milk, add chopped parsley and grated lemon rind, and just before serving stir in lemon juice.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. K. Williams, Clunie Vale, via Jericho, Qld.

MISS PRECIOUS MINUTES says

To clean a raincoat apply hot salt with a piece of coarse flannel.

ALWAYS add a little soda to the washing-up water except when you are going to wash aluminium. Soda darkens it.

HEAT marks on a polished table can be treated by covering with salad oil. Hold a hot iron about two inches away from the oil. This treatment will help to remove the mark.

To renovate an old leather hand-bag dip a nailbrush in milk, rub on some soap, and scrub the bag until it is covered with lather. Wipe this away with a clean cloth, spread on a little shoe polish and rub until the leather shines like new again.

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BOYS & GIRLS! Enter This Simple Competition

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS TO WRITE IN NOT MORE THAN 25 WORDS WHY YOU LIKE BREAKFAST D-LIGHT

The judges will decide monthly which entries they think the best, and award to the successful Competitor a pair of Boys' or Girl's Ball Bearing Roller Skates or a Slazenger Competition Tennis Racquet during the Competition (i.e., 10th March to 29th August, 1941).

Prizes will be given each month and winners' names published in "Sydney Morning Herald" and Brisbane "Courier Mail" on April 25, May 27, June 24, July 29, August 26 and September 3.

Typical Competitor's Entry:

"BREAKFAST D-LIGHT is our favourite breakfast. Baby enjoys it as well as Grandpa. Mother uses it to make delicious Scones and Custards."

BREAKFAST D-LIGHT



Follow these Simple Instructions

- 1.—Write out your 25 words and give full name and address.
- 2.—Cut from the side Panel of a packet of "BREAKFAST D-LIGHT" the printed words "How to Prepare" and attach to each entry.
- 3.—Competition closes on August 29, 1941. Prizes will be awarded month to month. The judges' decision is final, and no correspondence will be entered into.
- 4.—The envelope containing entry must be addressed—CAPTAIN JOHNS, "Breakfast D-Light," Box 12, Haymarket P.O., Sydney.

Watch the Papers Each Month for Winners' Names



But You'll like lamb a great deal more, And want the lion's share, If served with GRAVOX GRAVY So tasty, rich and rare—

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PUT THE CLOCK BACK!

The middle years are the difficult years of life. The system gets tired easily. You become aware that you are leaving youth behind. Now is the time to take WINGARNIS! Everyone over 40, and many under, needs WINGARNIS to keep brain, heart and nerves young, to fight fatigue and exhaustion. Thanks to this "No-Waiting Tonic" that sets you tingling all over with the sparkling vitality of youth, thousands of people in middle life have "put the clock back" and feel years younger. WINGARNIS is the natural tonic, blended from choice wines and two kinds of strengthening vitamins, and over 25,000 recommendations from medical men testify to its quick recuperative qualities. Get a bottle from your chemist to-day.

VIM brings back lustre to pots & pans
CLEANS SMOOTHLY



DAINTY SWEETS

and all home-made!

● There's quite a professional look about the tempting-looking confections pictured here in natural color . . . Yet you can make them all at home in your own kitchen. Just follow the recipes given below. . . . Try making up some boxes of sweets for next war-effort party.

By MARY FORBES ● Cookery Expert in The Australian Women's Weekly

COCONUT ICE

One pound crystal sugar, 6oz. maize syrup, 2-3rds cup water, 1oz. desiccated coconut, carmine, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Put sugar, maize syrup, and water into an enamel saucepan, heat slowly until sugar has dissolved. Remove spoon and put lid on pan and boil until steam comes out round the lid. (This washes undissolved sugar from sides of pan and prevents syrup being sugary.) Remove lid, place in thermometer, and boil to 235 deg. F. Pour into two basins. Beat one basin of syrup and color a very pale pink; add half the coconut and all the vanilla. When thick press into a box lined with waxed paper.

Leave other half white, add remaining coconut and beat until thick. Place on top of pink layer. When cold and set, cut into bars or small pieces, wrap in waxed paper or roll in coconut.

Pink and white coconut ice may also be used for making into mushroom shapes. Roll a piece of pink coconut ice into a ball, flatten; roll one side in coconut. Make a stalk, using the white portion, and press into the middle to form a mushroom.

PEPPERMINT CREAMS

One egg-white, icing sugar, essence of peppermint, royal icing, green coloring.

Break the egg-white into a basin, and add a few drops of peppermint—the quantity will depend on the strength of flavor liked. Stir into this sifted icing sugar, adding it gradually until the mixture can easily be moulded. Then either form it into balls and flatten these into wafers, or roll it out with a rolling-pin and stamp it into rounds with a small cutter. Place on waxed paper and leave to dry. Decorate with royal icing if liked.

JUJUBES

One ounce gelatine, 1 cup water, 1lb. sugar, 1 cup hot water, 1 tablespoon maize syrup, essence of lemon and vanilla mixed together, carmine.

Soak gelatine in one cup water for 15 minutes. Place sugar, maize syrup, and hot water into a saucepan and boil together for 10 minutes.

Add soaked gelatine and boil for another 10 minutes. Add essence. Butter two deep dishes. Pour half the syrup into one, color remainder with carmine and pour into other dish. Leave until quite set, then cut into squares and roll in crystal sugar.

AREN'T THESE confections tempting-looking?—peppermint creams, jujubes, coconut-ice, peanut brittle, butterscotch, fruit balls. Some are wrapped in colored cellophane and others are in paper containers. Recipes for making these sweets given on this page.

Of course you tried your hand at toffee-making when you were a little girl—usually when mother was out and you could experiment with sugar and butter. . . . Such fun it was—if you weren't caught. . . . Sweet-making can be fun when you're grown-up, too, if you have some good recipes. So why not aspire to rise above mere toffee-making and see what you can do with the variety of recipes given below?

Some general rules: Maize syrup or glucose used in sweet making is a liquid sugar which prevents the mixture crystallizing.

Always wet the hands before taking it from the tin, and weigh it on wet paper.

Place on top of sugar in saucepan and it will not catch.

Always dissolve sugar and maize syrup in the water slowly. Stir only until a syrup boils, and when it boils all the sugar should be dissolved.

If a boiling syrup is stirred the whole will become sugary.

Always have crystallised fruits, nuts, and ginger thoroughly dry before adding to sweets.

Cream sweets are wrapped in waxed paper, but only stored in cardboard boxes. If packed in airtight tins they become sticky.

BUTTERSCOTCH

One pound crystal sugar, 1lb. brown sugar, 1lb. maize syrup, 1 gill water, 1 teaspoon salt, 2oz. butter, 1 teaspoon cream of tartar.

Put water into saucepan, add sugar, brown sugar, salt and maize syrup. Bring slowly to the boil, add cream of tartar and boil without stirring until a light brown color or 312 deg. F. Take off stove, add melted butter, return to stove to boil up again, when the butter should be absorbed by the syrup. Pour into a buttered shallow tin, and

when beginning to set mark into small tablets with the back of a large knife. Break into tablets, wrap in waxed paper and store in airtight tins or jars.

PEANUT BRITTLE

Two large cups crystal sugar, 1 cup warm water, 1 tablespoon maize syrup, 1 teaspoon butter, 4oz. peanuts, 1 teaspoon carbonate of soda.

Dissolve sugar and maize syrup in the warm water and boil steadily without stirring until the syrup turns a honey color. Add peanuts, butter, and carbonate of soda. Stir evenly through the syrup. Pour onto a buttered tin and when beginning to set pull out into thin pieces and put these on another buttered tin. Store in airtight tins.

Always make peanut brittle in small quantities; it is difficult to pull too large a batch.

ACID DROPS

One pound loaf sugar, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 1oz. tartaric acid, 1 teaspoon lemon essence, 1 pint water.

Boil sugar, water, and vinegar together till a pale straw color or until it will snap when a little is dropped into cold water. Remove the pan from the stove, add lemon essence and the acid. Mix well, pour out onto a buttered tin in small patches—about a tablespoon of syrup in each. When cool enough to handle make into a roll and cut into drops with buttered scissors. Store in airtight tins.

SUGARED ALMONDS

Half pound blanched almonds, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup water, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 teaspoon cinnamon.

Cook sugar and water 5 minutes in heavy iron frying pan, add nuts and cook and stir until syrup begins to look white and slightly sugared. Add flavorings and set pan aside 10 minutes. Set over low heat on asbestos mat and stir constantly until sugar starts to melt. Pour on cake cooler over wax paper. Separate to dry.

TO SPIN SUGAR

Two pounds sugar, 1 pint water, 1 teaspoon maize syrup.

Dissolve sugar in the water over a gentle heat and boil to 280 deg. F.; then add maize syrup and cream of tartar, and continue to boil to 310 deg. F.

Remove quickly from the heat and, to prevent the sugar from changing color, stand the saucepan in a basin of cold water for about one minute. Then take it out of the cold water and place in a basin of warm water.

Oil the handles of two wooden spoons and fix them in drawers or under weights with the ends projecting over the edge of the table.

Cover the floor underneath with clean waxed paper or several large baking trays. Take a large fork or two forks, an egg whisk or a bunch of wires, and dip into the syrup. Then move quickly backwards and forwards over the oiled spoon handles (which should be about 9 inches apart).

Continue until a bunch of sugar threads that look like silk has formed. The threads may be made fine or coarse by moving the forks or spinners slow or fast.

If, in the course of spinning, the syrup is too thick or firm for use, warm the saucepan over a slow heat, so that the sugar does not change color.

Spun sugar is used for decorating cakes and for finishing many dessert dishes such as ice-cream.

It must be made and kept in a very dry atmosphere and must be used as soon as possible.

The steam from a kettle in the room must be avoided, for it is impossible to spin sugar in moist air.

If liked the syrup may be colored before spinning.

FRUIT BALLS

Put 1 cup stoned dates, 1 cup figs and 2 cups walnuts through mincer. Mix well and press firmly in thick buttered dish. Cut in squares or shape into balls and roll in powdered sugar.



A double-strength Soup

Double strength—double value—twice as much soup from every can. . . . Lady! How you'll enjoy Rosella Tomato Soup. Or, perhaps you prefer Rosella Vegetable, Celery, Asparagus, Pea, Mulligatawny or Scotch Broth.

All double strength—double value.

Rosella
Over 100 Pure Foods

The Doctor Tells You What to do

ABOUT FEET AND SHOES

PATIENT: Doctor, my daughter is taking up nursing and has been told she must wear flat-heeled shoes when on duty. But these make the backs of her legs ache. She has been used to wearing high heels always. Wouldn't it be wiser for her to continue wearing the higher heel?

DOCTOR: A nurse's happiness and success in her chosen career depend to a great extent on her feet.

Although conditions have improved considerably during the last decade, a nurse's hours of work are still long and her tasks arduous, and for most of the time she is on duty a nurse is standing or walking about.

Therefore it is only reasonable that if her feet tire easily she will find a nursing career beyond her strength.

She must take every care of her feet, and the first essential is to see that they are properly shod in sensible, well-fitting shoes that do not unduly strain the muscles of her legs or pinch her toes.

It is not so much the height of the heel that matters. This depends to a great extent on the individual foot. There have been men whose feet were so shaped that for easy

walking they needed a heel at least two inches high, and there have been women who could not walk comfortably in a heel more than half an inch high. It is the shape of the base of the heel which is the important factor.

That must be broad enough to allow the wearer to plant it firmly on the ground and to walk without that tottery feeling which is inseparable from narrow-based still heels.

The broader the base of the heel the easier it is to balance the weight of the body without placing an unnatural strain on the ligaments of the ankles.

The human foot is not a mere slab of flesh over a single bone; it is a complex mechanism with twenty-six principal bones and a great many ligaments and muscles—each one there for a purpose.

Therefore it stands to reason that if you try to cram your feet into shoes that have no relation to your feet either in shape or size something must go wrong.

Although women are inclined to laugh at men and call them slow-coaches in the march of fashion, you must admit their shoes are far more like the foot in actual shape. Hospital figures show that among patients who obtain treatment for foot trouble women outnumber the men by fifteen to one.

Indeed, if you take middle-aged women as a class you will find



THE DIONNE QUINTUPLETS are growing up as natural, fun-loving girls. Above (left to right), Annette, Emilie, and Cecile display their prowess on their tricycles. At right Marie and Yvonne share a joke—probably one they have played on nurse.



there is only one in every ten who has feet quite free from deformity.

And the high percentage of women suffering from foot trouble is due almost entirely to the continual wearing of unsuitable footwear.

Not only do some high-heeled shoes distort and deform feet, but they cause the weight of the body to be unevenly and unnaturally distributed upon the foot and are responsible for many displacements that occur among the bones, ligaments, and muscles.

Further, by throwing the body out of its natural balance, such high heels may be responsible for many other ailments of the body apart from the feet. It may seem a stretch of imagination to say it, but a high percentage of nervous headaches are caused by the strain imposed by the wearing of very high still heels or cramping shoes.

With proper shoes the weight is evenly distributed and the muscles and bones of foot and leg can function without undue strain being placed upon them or any other part of the body.

What is the proper shoe?

As I said before, that depends largely upon the individual. But, speaking broadly, an ideal shoe is one that grips the back of the foot firmly and has a broad base to its heel, one that allows the toes to move freely, and as far as possible point straight forward.

The inner edge of the shoe should approximate a straight line. The

ideal shoe has a broad band of some sort over the instep and should fit well without being tight.

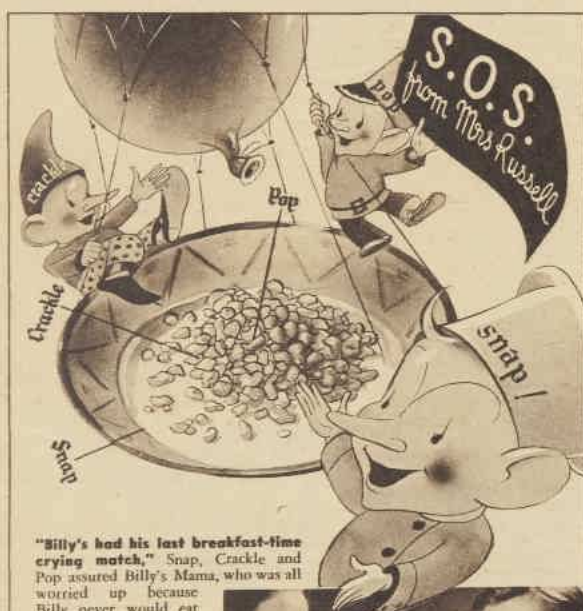
Again, broadly speaking, heels for work or play should be not more than one and a half inches high.

If only women would consider their health and comfort first, the ideal shoe would rapidly become the popular shoe and the accepted fashion.

It only needs a few sensible people

to start it off. Some twelve or fourteen years ago everyone wore low-heeled shoes because it was the fashion. Couldn't public-spirited women revive that fashion?

As a matter of fact modern sports shoes offer a wide range of very attractive styles, and many makers of the best types of shoes specialise in ranges which do study the anatomy of the foot and combine comfort and good appearance.



"Billy's had his last breakfast-time crying match," Snap, Crackle and Pop assured Billy's Mama, who was all worried up because Billy never would eat breakfast. "We're coming with a plateful of Kellogg's Rice Bubbles. We bet that'll be the end of your breakfast-time troubles with your little Billy."

Mrs. Russell could hardly believe it, when she saw how Billy took to that delicious oven-popped rice of Kellogg's. "Listen, Mum, Kellogg's Rice Bubbles go Snap, Crackle and Pop when I pour the milk on. Gee whizz!"

"Great jumping Kangaroos! Look how Billy's filling out!" No wonder! Kellogg's Rice Bubbles are brimming over with the energising, easily digested nourishment that growing children need. And your kiddies won't be able to resist that fascinating Snap, Crackle and Pop, either!

"Rice Bubbles" is a registered trade mark of Kellogg (Australia) Proprietary Limited for its oven-popped rice.

Hooley! We fixed it!



For young wives and mothers

TRUBY KING SYSTEM

Establishing lactation

MOST young mothers earnestly desire to breast-feed their babies, and failure to do so is usually caused by faulty technique—wrong methods of feeding, rather than failure of milk supply itself. Sometimes there is late lactation—the milk supply taking a month or more to come up to the full—but patience, faith, and correct treatment for increasing the supply can work wonders.

Statistics conclusively prove that the death-rate is much higher among bottle-fed babies than among those who are fed as nature planned, so every mother should do her utmost to ensure natural feeding for her babe.

A leaflet dealing with this problem has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau. A copy will be forwarded free if a request, together with a stamped addressed envelope, is forwarded to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4098 W.W. G.P.O., Sydney.

Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."

When minutes matter,
serve Heinz Ready Cooked Spaghetti.
No dish is easier to prepare . . . is
more satisfying—more sustaining—
more mouth-wateringly delicious. You
simply "Heat and Eat."



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HEINZ
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READY COOKED IN TOMATO SAUCE

SP 45-5



READY TO FACE the brightest of lights or to bask in the glow of soft illumination, Ginny Simms, RKO, is sure of her make-up and of every detail of her hair and her frock.

BEAUTY... for the bright lights

INDOOR lighting—in the homes of friends, at restaurants and night-clubs—is usually of the alluring candle-light school. It's meant to compliment.

But, to be on the safe side, when at a gala party don't make-up in a hurry. That's Rule One.

After you have bathed, partially perfumed, and are all dressed except for your frock, sit down before your dressing-table.

Now study your face. By this time, long acquaintance with a mirror should have taught you your good and bad features.

Take your skin first. If it's dry and flaky your make-up foundations should be creamy, easy to blend.

But take this caution with all make-up bases: Use them thinly or the powder will lump. Your face will feel sticky, your skin will shine.

Powder bases are necessities. It's impossible to acquire an unblemished porcelain finish without them.

Cucumber cream or those light-textured liquid lotions are ideal for partly oily, partly dry skin.

Oily skin or that which is apt to show perspiration traces had best depend upon liquid powder helps. These are slightly astringent. So they do two jobs in one.

Some women place liquid powder upon the above-described foundation bases. They claim that two such good-looks aids give their skin a luminous clarity at night.

Place upon throat and shoulders a lighter liquid powder than upon the face—the former quickly reveal their sallowness.

Besides, they have no additional color adornment to offset their imperfections.

Finally, place cotton soaked in skin tonic upon your make-up foundation. This "sets" it and keeps it moist—Rule Two.

Upon that moist base blend your cream rouge.

CANDLELIGHT did good things for your grandmother's beauty. But don't be content with a mere dab of powder for these modern electric lights. Be sure of a perfect make-up before daring the blaze of bright lights.

Choose a shade to beautify you under electric lights.

Those red-blues are kindly. They heighten the delicacy of the skin, making it seem cool, petal-fresh, fragile as Chinese porcelain.

Which brings us to Rule Three: Change your make-up to the season.

As most hair-do's show the ears these days, rouge takes a big place in make-up for evening.

Rouge must tip the ear lobes or they'll look too waxen. Ears must tone in with the rest of your face or they will stand out as white patches. Keep that in mind.

Delicate shading

WATCH that api-to-be-white hair line which sometimes appears when you change your hair style. A delicate shading with rouge and powder will bridge that startling gap.

Don't rouge merely to rouge—Rule Four.

Don't be obvious in using rouge or any other make-up accent or you'll ruin the entire picture.

Just as too much perfume is stifling, make-up used only for make-up's sake is clownlike.

Use rouge to correct your facial modelling, and use it to accent—otherwise let it alone.

Is your chin too sharp? A bit of rouge at the tip will temper that fault. Is your face too long? This will make it seem rounder.

Is your face too broad? It will seem narrower if you rouge the inner curve of the cheek bones. And oppositely—to make your thin face seem wider, rouge the outer curve of each cheek.

Do the bones above the eyes seem to bulge? Those bones will apparently retreat if rouge is blended below the outer eyebrow line and off towards the temples.

Finally, take to heart this rouge advice. If your eyes are large and bright, you can afford to rouge brilliantly. But if they are small, serene, too heavy, rouge will detract from their beauty.

Now for powder:

Your first application of powder for evening make-up should be darker than your skin tone.

Press it in upon face and throat with fluffy cotton pads. Make this a generous powdering. Remove excess.

Free eyelids, beneath the eyes, nostrils, sides of nose, lashes, eyebrows of powder flakes.

Now, for Rule Five: "Set" the first powdering.

This is done with cotton saturated in skin tonic. It makes for the much-wanted mat finish, removes that ageing "powdery look."

For your second powdering—the one lighter than skin tone—choose ivory, special rachel, rose rachel, or natural.

Rule Six.—Accent eyes. For this use a little mascara on your lashes.

Remember though to dip your mascara brush into hot water. It will then do a better job.

And try this trick: Brush mascara up and out on the sides of lashes, away from the nose.

The lashes then seem longer, curlier.

Rule Seven.—Lips must shine.

Carefully outline your lips first and then fill in with lipstick, using one that has a fairly oily base.

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Cosy Undies

AL 2.—Vest and Pantette.

Both are made of the well-known suede-finish cotton interlock which wears and washes superbly. Colours are peach and cream. Made in SW, W, and OS fittings. Each 3/6½

Bloomers to match are made in SW, W, and OS sizes. Each at 3/6½

All XOS fittings 4/6½



AL 4. — British Twill Nightgown. This attractive nightgown is made of a heavy quality British twill, with silk embroidery worked on the shaped top. Colours are salmon, sky, cream, Nile and lemon. SW, W, and OS fittings. Chads price is only 9/11

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THERE'S 4 PINTS OF RICH MILK IN
EVERY 8 OZ. PACKET OF KRAFT CHEDDAR.



YES! BUT I DON'T
PUT 4 PINTS OF MILK
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KRAFT NEW REDUCED BUDGET MENU NO. 3

Minted Orange Salad
Cream of Vegetable Pie
Baked Tomatoes
Scalloped Rhubarb Meringue

CREAM OF VEGETABLE PIE: Filling: 4 ozs. Kraft Cheese, 2½ cups drained 'cooked' vegetables (peas, diced carrots, celery, onion), 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 cup white sauce.
Topping: 2 cups creamed potato, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 egg, 1 cup shredded Kraft Cheese, salt, cayenne pepper.

Arrange the peas, diced vegetables and sliced cheese in layers. Sprinkle thickly with chopped parsley and pour on the sauce. Whip the creamed potato well and blend in the flour. Add the beaten egg and shredded cheese, season to taste and spread over filling. Bake in a hot oven (450°F) for 20 minutes, gradually reducing heat. Serve with baked tomatoes.

"\$5 FREE"—do you know of a tasty, economical dish you can make with Kraft Cheddar Cheese? \$5 will be paid for any recipe accepted and published in *Women's Weekly* Advertisements. It must be a Main Course Dish with cheese as one of the principal ingredients, not merely a savoury or an entree. Your dish must serve four or more persons (at its expense or less per person). (State the amount in your recipe.) Send your entry to the address shown on the coupon.

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ENGLISHMAN'S HOME . . . in Eighteenth Century



CHIPPENDALE ROOM. The elegant dining-room suite shows at its best this highly-decorative period, mid-Georgian (1769-1779). Chippendale, an impoverished young furniture-maker, was presented with a load of mahogany from the West Indies. He experimented, and in a wealthy, prosperous age his heavy-ornamented furniture was a tremendous success.



CHIPPENDALE TABLE SETTING. Ornate silver dinner-service, richly-decorated Waterford glass goblets, dinner silver with Dresden china handles . . .



QUEEN ANNE ROOM (1702-14). In this period walnut displaced the sturdy oak as a furniture wood, and a most graceful era resulted. The importation of tea from China brought about a craze for Chinese art in lacquers and porcelains which made this and the Early-Georgian period very colorful.



SHERATON BEDROOM (1750-1806). This period brought delicate woods into furniture-making: satinwood, kingwood, tulipwood, and sycamore-dyed hawthorn. Inlays, classic motifs of vines and medallions are other Sheraton innovations.



HEPPLEWHITE ROOM (late 18th century). Hepplewhite was one of the greatest designers of mahogany furniture. The tapering legs and delicately painted woods of this period make it a gracious but simple one. Hepplewhite originated the shield-backed chair later so extensively copied in America.

PICTURES from a recent exhibition in aid of the Red Cross, portraying the Englishman's home from 1700 to 1941. All furniture was lent by private owners.

Another set of pictures next week.

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